

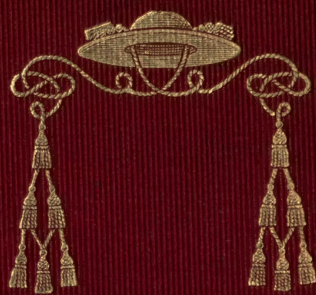
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CATHOLIC LIFE AND PROGRESS



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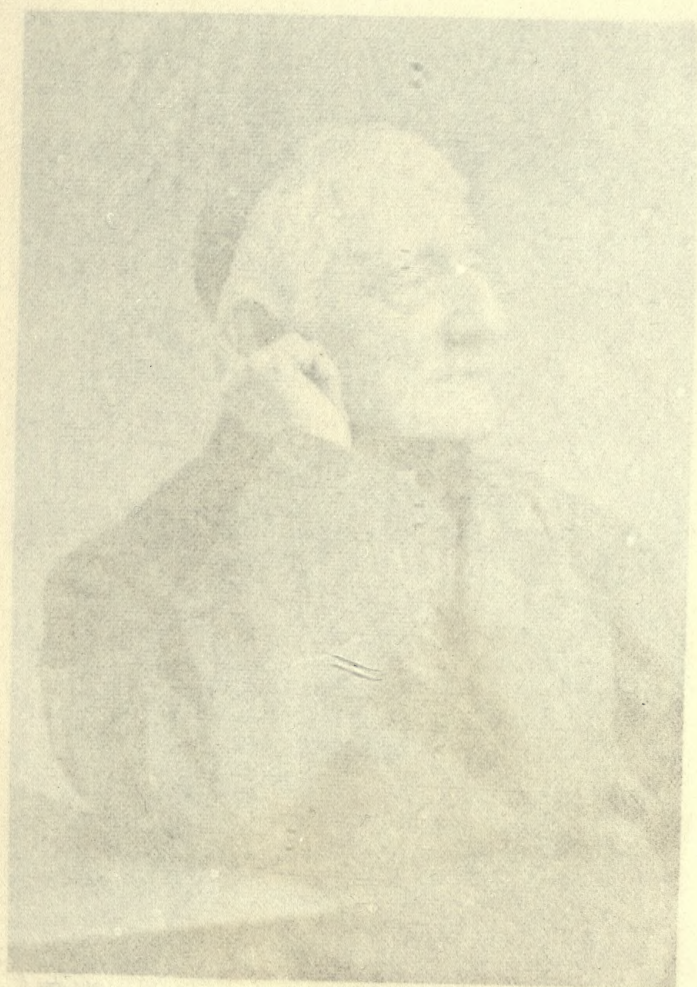
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FIFTY YEARS OF CATHOLIC LIFE
AND SOCIAL PROGRESS





Geo. P. P. Co.

Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Social Progress

Under Cardinals Wiseman,
Manning, Vaughan, and Newman

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE VARIOUS
PERSONAGES, EVENTS, AND MOVE-
MENTS DURING THE ERA ❀ ❀

BY

PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

"O this Fair Church ! how doth it grow and spread,
Like some vast tree that stretches o'er the path !
So have I seen of yore some tender child
Shrink from its parent's angry eye,
But now grown up—a strong and blooming maid,
On whom the elders smile, and all the swains
Admiring, follow . . ."

BRAMSTON, *The Direful Pilgrimage*, 1686.

VOL. II

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C. 1901

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CHAPTER III

DR. NEWMAN

BEFORE he came to his high office Dr. Manning, as we have seen, had to encounter an opposing force in the Church, and did so successfully. When he was seated in power this force was again at work and steadily confronted him all through his episcopate, but in more questionable shape. This he did not find it so easy to deal with. The situation involved an interesting struggle between two great intellects, one of extraordinary largeness, brilliancy, and power, backed, as it were, by the kingdom—in short, John Henry Newman; and the cultured, highly finished, but unequal temperament of Henry Edward Manning. They were hardly matched. These two spirits all through Dr. Manning's reign were in conflict—and not merely the personal one of Newman but of his following which his spirit permeated; the

opposition was felt everywhere, and where not felt was dreaded.

One veils one's eyes with a sense of pain at heart as one reads—not without curiosity—what Mr. Purcell sets forward as a picture of vulgar contention between the two powers. One may lament the paltry details, the angry letters interchanged, written in heat, and perhaps regretted as soon as sent, but so recklessly printed. There is, as I have said, a larger and truer view. It was really the conflict of principles or policies, and the struggle was between these. It is impossible, therefore, to leave out of any review of the past half-century the personal presence of Dr. Newman and its spreading and overshadowing influence. The very moral weight of this force was a serious hindrance—it was unrecognised, unclothed with authority; yet it seemed irresistible. The whole was a curious and interesting spectacle. Our modern Hildebrand of the English Church found himself in his course checked and harried and disturbed by it. It destroyed the perfect symmetry of his policy. In short, it came to this : on one side was the Cardinal, who, with all his English sympathies and feelings, was for making the Church thoroughly Roman in its rule and discipline ; on the other Newman's *influence* rather than Newman himself, which was for a Church that should be English in tone and

education. It will be interesting to follow the struggle of these contending powers, which was never relaxed during the lifetime of the Cardinal.

Of all the figures of the time the one that stands out largest and most attracts the eye is assuredly that of Newman. It is the most imposing, the most classical, and the one that most fills the general public mind. There have been others more spiritual, more interesting, more dramatic, more ascetic; but for pure intellect, power of mind, and charm of style, Newman certainly stands alone. As Elia said of another, here the species was the genus. What struck the public was its virility, which was yet accompanied by a surprising tenderness and delicacy of thought and expression, conveyed in a matchless style which reflected both. It has not been noted to what sources this great man may have owed this peculiar combination of gifts. On both sides of his family he was of foreign extraction. His father's was Dutch, the name being Nieumann or Newmann, while his mother's was French. She was of the Fourdriniers, one of the old Huguenot mercantile houses, to which this country owes a great deal. Many instances could be given of the sort of originality and brilliancy that the Huguenot "strain" has imparted—notably in the cases of Garrick and of Sir Samuel Romilly and the late Dr. Martineau.

Newman's features even were scarcely English, and in old age assumed the cast of an antique Dutchman. In his latter days the large mouth was developed; but the fine eyes never lost the tenderness so finely exhibited in Watts's noble portrait.* This

* I summarise these particulars from Mr. Lilly's account in the National Biography. When Dr. Hampden was appointed Professor of Divinity, Newman opposed him, and wrote various works, such as the "Via Media," which combated his principles. He became editor of the *British Critic*, the organ of the Tractarians. Dr. Ward used to declare that he knew of nothing in all history that approached Newman's influence at this time. Others likened him to St. Ambrose or St. Augustine, the rest being mere cyphers compared to him. It is a remarkable thing that Dr. Wiseman was the first that shook his Tractarian principles in an article on the Donatists, which overthrew his "Via Media." This, said Newman, was "the first real hit from Romanism that had happened to him, and gave him a stomach-ache." In 1841 appeared the famous Tract No. 90, whose aim was to show that the Articles were not inconsistent with a Catholic sense. The Tract and its author were virtually condemned by Heads of Houses and others. Newman was, as it were, held up as a faithless member of the Church of England. Confidence in him was shaken or lost, and he had lost confidence in himself. The Jerusalem Bishopric shook him still more, and hurried him on to Rome. In 1832, owing to a dispute between him and the Provost as to the Tutorial Duties, he, with Hurrell Froude and Wilberforce, had to resign their offices in the College. It has been said by Mr. Gladstone: "Humanly speaking, the Oxford movement would never have been had Newman not been deprived of his tutorship." This seemed an exaggeration, as the Oxford doctrines were too deeply and conscientiously held to be dependent on a mere accident of the kind.

Huguenot tincture was further revealed in the haughty intellectual independence which ever characterised him; in his uncompromising method of saying what he thought, and of yielding submission only to the strictest claims. His logical mind could not tolerate compromise or submission for peace or amiability's sake. It must be said there was with all this some of the intolerance so often found in persons of high intellect, such as was displayed in his relations with Cardinal Manning, where, alas! there was much that was disdainful. He could hardly conceal his contempt for the arts and shifts of common controversy, and would never hide what he felt or thought. Whenever an inferior mind strove to encounter him with platitudes and conventional forms he could not restrain himself, and gave vent to the words of sarcasm or withering scorn, of which he had such command. Like Dr. Johnson or Carlyle, he could not resist the temptation of "dispersing humbug." Such a mind, encountering many mutations and struggles, was not likely to have a placid course. His life was therefore troubled and stormy. He had constantly to encounter forces before which he was not pleased to yield. I feel this estimate of this great man is not a popular one, and may be thought almost a heresy. Even after his death came storm and trouble; and there was an excited discussion as

to whether his statue should be set up at Oxford. This idea was wisely abandoned, as there was an incongruity in such a *locale*.* The work itself is not a success, as a glance will show. The face lacks force and size, the statue itself is too high, and was clearly not designed to be "on the level." It has not the bold, rough treatment suited for outdoor exhibition, and would be far better in some hall.

Early in his course he went to Rome, where the religion struck him as "polytheistic and idolatrous." In 1833, it may be said that the Tractarian Movement really began, in consequence of the suppression of Irish Bishoprics. A meeting between Palmer, Percival, and Hare, and H. Froude led to the issue of the "Tracts" which were begun by Newman. His sermons, Dean Church says, did even more than the Tracts. It was not until 1846—after he had been following a course of semi-monastic life at Littlemore—that he joined the Church. A year later he was ordained at Rome, and returned to introduce the Oratory into England.

It was Lord Beaconsfield who said, that from

* The University was not wholly unwilling to receive him: and in the face of objections—made tenderly enough—the matter was judiciously not pressed, and the present site chosen.

the blow of Newman's secession the Church of England "still reeled." Besides the picturesqueness of the expression there was a vast deal beneath. The Church has reeled since from other causes, for her honest efforts to return to orthodoxy have done her more mischief, and are bringing her nearer to destruction than her old torpid state of indifference and Erastianism, when nothing was stirred, and nothing troubled. Had he remained it might not have made so serious a difference. Mr. Gladstone's opinion was no less interesting. He declared that Newman's secession "had never been estimated at anything like the full amount of its calamitous importance." This, however, would seem to point to the amazing influence which the late Cardinal exercised over the whole world, after his withdrawal and while he was a Catholic.

In 1854 he became Rector of the Catholic University at Dublin. He only remained there four years, and it may be suspected that the episode, if fully recounted with all its details, would be a strange one indeed. Newman, it is certain, was about as much out of touch with the Irish, and with the so-called University, as was his old friend and neighbour, who lived beside him in Stephen's Green, Dr. Whately. To the Irish generally he was uncongenial, his clear-cut, logical mind could have little patience with the easy-going

methods about him; for the Irish Bishops and priests, who regarded him with much respect, he was the embodiment of all that was "English"; he was cold and "stand off," while his immeasurably superior intellectual gifts set up a barrier. There were only a few, such as Dr. Russell, of Maynooth College, who understood or sympathised with him, and it is sad to think that those four years were years of comparative solitude and a complete waste, for his efforts were idly expended on what was really no more than an academy, with a staff of professors, employed in teaching but a scanty gathering of youths. He, however, left behind him a memorial of his work in the shape of a beautiful and very original Byzantine church, designed by the late Mr. Pollen, still to be seen in St. Stephen's Green, and which is always crowded. We may wonder at this hopeless dream or mirage of a "Catholic University," long pursued in both countries, and which in some mysterious way was to gather in all the Catholic youth, who were to receive a university training, but no degree. As a degree is a thing of commercial or practical use, abridging the time devoted to preparing for the professions, and supplying a *status*, it really came to no more than this, that some zealous families were willing to aid the project by sacrificing the worldly interests of their sons. This

could only be expected from a few, and those wealthy. Thus once more Newman found himself "out of touch" with Catholic life and purpose, and had to return to his ministry with a sense of disappointment and failure. Such rebuffs may have been the cause (not unnaturally) of the constant reports amongst Protestants that he was growing disgusted, and was chafing against the treatment he received.

It has rarely happened that so trivial an incident as the publishing of a letter or a pamphlet has had such an effect on the reputation and position of a public personage, as followed in the case of Dr. Newman. In the year 1864 Charles Kingsley, the author of "Yeast," in a magazine article rather grossly aspersed Newman's veracity, imputing to him what he called an "economy of truth," "reserve," &c. Newman answered him that this was a gratuitous slander, that no reference or evidence was given. Kingsley replied that he gathered the impression "from many passages of your writings," but that the particular one meant was in a sermon on "Wisdom and Innocence." He was brought to admit "that my opinion of the meaning of your words was a mistaken one." But Newman had no notion of accepting this kind of *amende*, and his analysis of Kingsley's position which then follows is one of

the most humorous pieces extant. He describes him as beginning, “‘Oh, the fraud, conscience-killing villainy of Rome. There’s Father Newman, he a priest, tells us that lying is never any harm.’ I interpose, ‘If I have said this, tell me when and where?’ Mr. Kingsley replies, ‘You said it in a sermon which you preached when a Protestant, published in 1844.’” (*À propos* of which he makes the remark that a lie may often be more the truth than the truth itself. Those speculations which have engaged the minds of all religionists, Jeremy Taylor and others, the novelist tried to twist into a sanction for untruth.) “‘Well, you taught lying somewhere at some time or other!’ I make answer, ‘Oh, not, it seems, as a priest—but let us have the passage.’ Mr. Kingsley relaxes. ‘Do you know, I like your tone. From your tone I rejoice to be able to believe that you do not mean it.’ I rejoin, ‘*Mean* it! I maintain I never said it, while as a Protestant or a Catholic.’ Mr. Kingsley: ‘I waive that point.’ I object, ‘Is it possible? What, waive the main question? I either said it or I did not. You have made a monstrous charge against me, and are bound to prove it or to own you cannot.’ ‘Well, if you are sure you did not say it, I’ll take your word for it; I really will.’ ‘My word! I am dumb—the word of a Professor of lying that

he does not lie.' Mr. Kingsley reassures me: 'We are both gentlemen. I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another.' I began to see. He thought me a gentleman at the very time that he had said I taught lying on system."

This controversy set the brilliant oratorian a-thinking. For a number of years these libellous stock-stories had been drifting about, and the Press seemed never weary of repeating that this great intellect was in a sort of ignoble bondage—that he was distrusted by his co-religionists, that his opinions were still semi-Protestant, and that he was pining away in his retirement under a sense of discontent and disappointment. Among those even who heartily admired him there were many who spoke with sincere pity of his state, and as "that poor Newman!"* It occurred to him that here was his opportunity. Now might he

* I remember the late Mr. John Forster, "Boz's" friend and biographer, one of the most stalwart natures of his time, saying to me with heartfelt pity—"Poor Newman!—the dear fellow, they've shut him up at Birmingham! He daren't budge now or open his mouth." Forster was a good type of robust political Protestantism, though, like a well-known Chancellor, he might be considered an outside buttress of the Church, for he rarely entered one. His eye would roll with indignation as he spoke of his neighbours at the Oratory. "Oh, if I had my way, how I would deal with those gentry!" he would roar.

open the whole story of his life and conversion, and give a full and candid account of all he had passed through. He at once set to work, and hence that remarkable book, the "Apologia," which was read, devoured, rather, by the whole kingdom. The effect was extraordinary, the charm of the style, the interest of the matter, the persuasive candour of the whole, gained every heart. Once the fascinating book was read—and the publishers confessed that it was one of their greatest publishing successes—Newman's position was assured for ever. He obtained a hold on the hearts of his countrymen that has never been shaken. It was felt that here was the unvarnished story of an honest, thoroughly genuine soul seeking truth for truth's sake. The curious legends, always floating about, of disappointment, of constraint and repression, disappeared for ever.*

In one of his writings there is a significant

* There is an interesting and generous passage in a letter of Newman's to the Rev. Sir W. Cope, written on Kingsley, and I believe unpublished. "The death of Mr. Kingsley, so premature, shocked me. I never from the first have felt any anger towards him; it is very difficult to be angry with a man one has never seen. Much less could I feel any resentment against him when he was accidentally the instrument, in the good Providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me of vindicating my character and conduct. I heard, too, a few years back, from a friend that he chanced to go into Chester Cathedral and found Mr. Kingsley preaching about me

passage which shows how much of this influence was due to his national sympathies. "I had rather," he exclaims, "be an Englishman than belong to any other race under heaven. Englishmen are the most suspicious and touchy of mankind. But with all their faults they are as generous as they are hasty and burly." A fine tribute!

No one knew Dr. Newman better than Dr. Ullathorne, or more warmly sympathised with him in his difficulties. He ever supported him, and his intimate knowledge during so many years helped him to an understanding of his character more complete than others can attain to. In 1864 the Bishop gave formal expression to his opinion in a remarkable letter. After enumerating in detail the

kindly, and it has rejoiced me to observe lately that he was, as it seemed to me, in his views generally nearing the Catholic view. I have always hoped that, by good luck, I might meet him, feeling sure that there would be no embarrassment on my part, and I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death." This passage illustrates in a most characteristic way the peculiar charm of Newman's character, and his fascinating way of exhibiting himself. Here is simply a note of Kingsley's death, with some sorrow shown, yet what a deal is expressed! What intense personality, and even unconscious sarcasm! How curious, too, is the touch of contempt. He never felt any anger towards him, "but it is very difficult to be angry with one you have never seen." He disdains to consider whether poor Kingsley, whom he had fairly demolished, felt anger towards *him*.

various practical works in which Dr. Newman had been engaged: "We have now," he wrote on June 4th, "been personally acquainted, and much more than acquainted, for nineteen years, during more than sixteen of which we have stood in the special relation of duty towards each other. This has been one of the singular blessings which God has given me amongst the cares of the episcopal office. What my feelings of respect, of confidence, and of affection, have been towards you, you know well, nor should I think of expressing them in words. . . . It is difficult to comprehend how, in the face of facts, the notion should ever have arisen that during your Catholic life you have been more occupied with your own thoughts than with the service of religion and the work of the Church. . . ."*

"Surely, after reading this bare enumeration of work done, no man will venture to say that Dr. Newman is leading a *comparatively inactive life in the service of the Church*." No one, indeed; and it is an astonishing record. And then the Bishop tells him that he had constantly had to "measure his words" because he found his friend too ready to go beyond the slightest intimation of his desires.

7 His ~~next~~ battle was of a much more serious cast, and was unhappily brought about by his own

* Letters of Dr. Ullathorne, p. 142.

challenge. In June, 1852, and before the excitement of the Hierarchy question or "~~A~~gression" had quite died away, there came an extraordinary trial for libel, in which he was the defendant. This was the well-remembered Achilli case, in which an ex-monk claimed damages for an attack on his moral character. Italian witnesses, which recalled the old trial of Queen Caroline, were brought over to sustain the case, and no doubt, as in the other instance, seriously injured it. Achilli bore a most severe cross-examination with much composure and adroitness. It must be confessed that the issue was raised by Dr. Newman in a rather injudicious and perhaps unbecoming way. Achilli had been declaiming from platforms, and raising the "no Popery" cry. In one of his lectures on the position of Catholics in this country, Dr. Newman deliberately gathered together a quantity of most shocking charges, but believed to be true, and this with a view of provoking the ex-monk to a prosecution — when the prepared evidence would be brought forward. I confess that there seems some force in Justice Coleridge's rather severe language: "Surely, if you felt yourself called upon to act as a judge and executioner of a man so full of sin as you there describe, it ought to have been with sorrow and sadness; human nature shudders to hear any one exulting as you did, and repeating

his crimes as if they had been matter for exultation instead of sorrow." * No doubt the opportunity seemed too tempting to be passed by for producing a Roland for the Oliver of the recent agitation. In Italy the character of Achilli was so notorious that it was fancied there could be no dispute about the evidence. But the legal proofs were not totally convincing, or, at least, did not fully sustain the accusation. This, however, may have had some connection with the curious story given by Mr. Ward in his life of Cardinal Wiseman, that the latter had mislaid, or neglected to search for until too late, some evidence of the most important and critical character, and which it was believed would have turned the scale. Lord Campbell, who tried the case, was thought to have shown partiality, and dealt out severe measure to Dr. Newman. He, indeed, accepted the legal papers procured from the office of the Inquisition, but he prefaced the act by the remark, "God forbid that we should ever have an Inquisition in England, but still ——," etc. This was greeted with a burst of applause.

* Such a terrible indictment—so circumstantial and minute, and sarcastic, could hardly be imagined. "I am he who chose the security of the Church for one of these crimes; and Good Friday for another," etc. Names and dates were all supplied. "Mothers of families, gentle maidens, look at me, for I am worth looking at. I have been a profligate under a cowl," and so on, with a list of horrors.

The scene when the illustrious culprit was called on to receive his sentence brought only fresh homage from all sides to his honesty. He had a paper in his hand, which he wished to read. The judges deferentially remonstrated with him, and suggested it might be better to leave the matter to his counsel, to which he yielded. Lord Campbell asked would it be inconvenient to Dr. Newman to listen to the sentence standing up. Newman then stood, an uncommon culprit indeed, and, with arms folded, listened to the severe lecture given to him by his old friend Coleridge.*

* A motion for a new trial was refused, and on January 31, 1835, the judgment was given. Mr. Badeley describes the scene. Newman, he thought, seemed well satisfied with the result. "The judges paid him great respect, and though Coleridge preached him an immensely long Puseyite sermon, much of which he might as well have spared, full credit was given to Dr. Newman's belief of the truth of his charges, and for proper motives." The Court declared that they were not satisfied with the finding of the facts, and that if the question for a new trial had rested solely on those facts they would have sent the case to another jury. The Achilli faction were naturally dissatisfied with the trifling and derisive character of the punishment. Newman, it is said, was cheered as he left the court. The expenses of the trial were enormous. Dr. Newman's outlay for getting up the case, for sending for witnesses from Italy, etc., came to £8,000; Achilli's costs were £1,000. Such was the general feeling that all was discharged by a general international subscription, England contributing £6,000, Ireland, £2,000; and, most astonishing of all, France no less than £3,000. There was a balance of £3,000 over. Years

My old friend Edmund Yates, for the insertion in his paper of a piece of gossip, of which he knew nothing, that touched the character of a lady and gentleman of rank, was sent to Holloway Gaol for a long term, to the serious prejudice of his health. But Dr. Newman was only required to pay his trifling fine of £100, which it is clear represented the damage done to the plaintiff's character ; it was equivalent to a farthing in other suits.

later Newman was ungenerously charged by the French with ingratitude towards his French friends, and even with never making proper acknowledgments for this aid. It proved, however, that a special deputation had been sent to Paris to convey his thanks.

CHAPTER IV

DR. MANNING V. DR. NEWMAN

I NOW turn to the unfortunate estrangement—or, to use Elia's delicate phrase, "imperfect sympathy"—between the Archbishop and the Oratorian. As I have already pointed out, their characters, sympathies, principles were totally opposed, the one having a certain romantic and mystic cast, the other being pitiless in his clear-cut, logical view of all things. The one was wholly Roman, and held that devotion even to the Curia was a note of perfect orthodoxy; the other drew a line between these two influences, yet never overstepped the limits of orthodoxy. But Dr. Manning felt that his pastoral work lacked symmetry and was incomplete so long as there was this standing power confronting him—a man of such extending popularity and fascination, who was the centre, as it were, of a severely critical opposition. He forecasted, even,

in his nervous apprehension, a revival of the old disastrous days when the standard of revolt might be raised. It is in truth a matter of delicacy to deal with this estrangement, as the Oratorian, from his high and noble character is regarded with a devotion and admiration not only by his fellow-religionists, but by the English people generally. In the case of the latter this admiration was perhaps indirectly founded on the notion that he represented the cause of freedom and independence and that he was opposed to all ultramontane influences and "Roman usurpation" in the Church. There can be no mistake as to the existence of this feeling. Most strongly and conscientiously Dr. Manning was convinced of the perils that came from this quarter. "I see," he wrote, "much danger of an English Catholicism, of which Newman is the highest type. It is the old Anglican patriotic Oxford tone transplanted into the Church. It takes the line of deprecating exaggerations, foreign devotions, ultramonism," etc. He may have felt, too, that Newman had but a low and disdainful opinion of his own gifts and methods. On the other hand it must be said that Dr. Newman was likely enough to have been fretted and prejudiced by the persistent fashion in which all his projects had been crossed and baffled, and this treatment must have rankled. On two vital points we find

these eminent persons always at variance. One was as to the extent of freedom that should be allowed to the Press in its comments on ecclesiastical policy; the other was as to the great question of education. In both cases Dr. Newman held large and liberal views and saw no dangers in sending Catholic youths to the two great universities. To both views Dr. Manning was hostile, and, partial as he was to his own university, to the day of his death he was inflexibly opposed to any dealings with these seats of learning.

In the early portion of this half-century the London University was in high favour with the Catholic colleges, and towards the summer of every year there was the busy hum of preparation as the selected students prepared themselves to go up for examination. Ecclesiastical as well as lay students entered, generally with brilliant results. Stonyhurst seems to have been the most successful, its students taking high places at matriculation, with honours, etc. There was always a stiff and searching preparatory examination to test the knowledge of the youths. The university was very favourable to the college, and encouraged its exertions in every way. But of late years complaint began to be made that this complaisance was not continued and that the system did not favour the particular system of the

colleges. By and by they ceased to send their pupils. Meanwhile larger and broader aims had begun to obtain on both sides, which made the dangers appear more or less visionary, safeguards seemed practicable, and in due course the way of entrance to other universities was made smooth.

From his partiality to the Tractarians Cardinal Wiseman naturally regarded with favour the plan of sending Catholics to Oxford and Cambridge. He fancied that institutions which had furnished the Church with such "first-rate" Catholics would also operate in making Catholics better Catholics. At that era Catholic schools were backward enough, and, as it were, unreformed. The youths had not, as now, begun to enter the public service and the general public life of their country, as they do now, and it was thought that here was a desirable opening. A Catholic Hall under proper religious control seemed to them the best form for the experiment. The firm and consistent opponent to this design from the beginning to the end was Cardinal Manning—its earnest and most convinced advocate Cardinal Newman. Both have long been in their graves, but the opinion of the second has at last prevailed and been solemnly sanctioned. Dr. Manning's opposition was almost passionate, and seems extraordinary in one who knew his own university so

thoroughly and whose whole life, friends, and principles had been so connected with it. An incident connected with this university scheme appears to have been the real cause of the estrangement between Dr. Manning and Dr. Newman, and the latter, it must be said, appears to have been treated somewhat unceremoniously in the matter—certainly not with the deference that was due to his high position and influence. In 1864 Dr. Newman had matured a plan for establishing a branch of his order at Oxford, and had even bought the ground for a building. This seemed a suitable and desirable scheme, but it is scarcely surprising that it should be regarded with a sort of suspicion. For here was at once established contact with the university teaching. Dr. Manning was not slow to make his influence at Rome felt, so that when, two years later, a petition was addressed by Dr. Newman to Propaganda, asking permission to build a church and oratory, it was granted, but with the singular proviso that Dr. Newman himself should be restrained or discountenanced from going to Oxford. It is easy to see here evidence of the Archbishop's influence. For though to found a mission church might be desirable, he felt that Newman's presence in his old seat of influence would be sufficient to attract Catholic youth, and there would spring up a sort of educational movement which could not

be controlled and would be highly dangerous.* Dr. Newman felt this treatment acutely. The worst was that this transaction, with all its mystification, intensified the estrangement between the two ecclesiastics. Dr. Newman, it is clear, nourished the feeling that he had not had fair treatment and that he had been baffled by intrigue. As he frankly told Dr. Manning later, he felt that he could not trust him, and, further, would not trust him till he had, as it were, furnished guarantees.† All through the discussion and contest direction had been sought from Rome, from which, however, came merely the advice that the Bishops must consult together and settle the matter themselves. In this long and complicated question it should be noted

* But now comes an extraordinary incident, for which no reasonable explanation has ever been given. Dr. Ullathorne, Newman's confidant and friend, to whom the excluding rescript had been privately addressed, did not communicate the special exception to him. It may be that he thought he had satisfied the directions received by advising Dr. Newman in its sense: "Yet, were I in your place, I would not act upon it, for new opposition and new troubles may arise that may be very harassing." However, presently the whole scheme was checked by a formal letter from Propaganda in the sense of the caution that had been sent to Dr. Ullathorne.

† There is nothing more painful to read than the correspondence between the two, the revelation of which is Mr. Purcell's worst indiscretion. As the thing stands, however, and cannot be ignored, one must reluctantly admit that Dr. Newman's tone and language were unbecoming.

how careful were the authorities in every step they took not to wholly close the door, as it were ; they almost seemed to imply that, under proper safeguards, education at such places might be acceptable. With this view a meeting of bishops had been called in December, 1864, prior to which the Cardinal had issued a sort of circular to a number of Oxford converts, inviting their opinions. It is somewhat remarkable that Dr. Newman—as Dr. Ullathorne points out—was “passed over ; nor at any other time was he invited to express his opinions on the subject.” It may perhaps be doubted if there was anything intentional in this omission, for it might be assumed that his opinion and even prejudice in favour of Oxford were too well known to be sought afresh. The result of the Bishops’ meeting was an address to Propaganda deprecating the establishment of any Catholic institution at Oxford. But some were against any formal *prohibition*. This step effectively disposed of Dr. Newman’s project, which now became merely one for the erection of a church and mission of his order. This was all before the meeting of the Bishops, at which Dr. Newman’s proposals were discussed. But they were not received with favour, and were thought inopportune.

In 1867 we find Dr. Manning pressing the Holy See to take action. The dangers were pressing ;

youth was already being injured in mind and morals. The caution given was disregarded, or rather a general impression was abroad that no actual *prohibition* existed, which was certainly true. To expose your children to risks was sinful, and forbidden, but the parent may have argued that as he could take precautions that there would be no risk. After a meeting of the Bishops in April, 1867, it was proposed that the former "direction" should be renewed, "but that on the clergy should be laid an *obligation* to hinder youths being sent to the colleges, and that the Holy See enjoined them to act in this sense." The Bishops, however, considered their former utterance quite explicit enough, but only required to be made more known and understood. All these things the Archbishop pressed upon his friend Talbot, who was, moreover, to represent to "Propaganda" that absolute prohibition was requisite.

But nothing would move that sagacious tribunal from its course. A general dissuasive was returned, in which the perils to faith and morals were insisted upon once more, together with the sin of incurring such perils; "you will point out the doctrine of the Church about incurring the dangers of mortal sin, to which no one can expose himself under grievous sin except under the pressure of serious and adequate necessity. Such were these dangers

that it would be impossible to discover circumstances which would allow the course, and no sufficient reason can be conceived why young men should be entrusted," etc. Then came the remedy. It is to be made clear both to clergy and laity "what their duty is in so grave a matter." These cautious utterances must have sorely disappointed the ardent Archbishop, who had to content himself with urging his clergy "to explain to the faithful the sin of exposing our youth to the danger of losing or weakening their faith."

In the year 1873, after the synod had met and discussed important matters for twenty-two days, the Archbishops and Bishops issued an address to the faithful, in which the university question was once more referred to. The admonition given five years before was repeated. But now the late changes, such as the abolition of all tests, appeared to favour the attendance of Catholics and really changed the situation. It prompted a renewed appeal to Rome for direction and advice, and this the Bishops furnish in their address. After reciting the decision of the Holy See of February 3, 1865, it goes on: "The declaration then given was founded on the grave dangers which the said universities presented; and the Catholics of England, both clergy and laity, complied with that declaration in the most edifying manner,

although the state of the national universities was far different from what it has become since. Not only does the Holy See perceive no reason why it should recede from that decision ; but in proportion as the reasons which have called forth that decision have increased in gravity so much the more necessary does it appear that that decision should be maintained.”* In short, the Holy See maintained its old reserve, and this the Archbishop seemed to recognise, for he passed from the subject without a word more.

By way of counteracting all these attempts, Dr. Manning, not generally of a very sanguine temperament, was led to embark on a rash, impracticable venture—which he did with a too light heart—to wit, the founding of the disastrous and abortive Catholic University at Kensington, under the direction of Monsignor Capel. One may wonder how the sagacious, prudent Archbishop could ever have been beguiled into so Utopian a scheme, which did not offer the smallest chances of success. There were neither the money, nor the scholars, nor buildings, nor the likelihood of obtaining a charter. I believe that he really conscientiously believed that he was, as it were, challenged to do something to check the dangerous symptoms of support generally promised to Dr. Newman, who was, more-

* Letter of Card. Pref. of Propaganda, September 19, 1872.

over, sustained to a certain extent at Rome; and so long as the experiment, however unpromising, of this so-called university was being tried, or, at least, begun, he would have a fair plea for confronting Dr. Newman's scheme. Then followed the luckless government of Mgr. Capel who was admittedly the most unfit person that could have been selected—leaving us to wonder what could have led the Archbishop to make such a choice. The painful catastrophe and collapse that speedily followed are well known.*

Nor was the university question, as I have said, the only cause of variance. The Archbishop had ever conceived that there was gathering round

* The Archbishop, however, handsomely paid for his mistake out of his own means, meeting liabilities to the amount of many thousand pounds. The fate or fall of this once popular ecclesiastic is a serious warning. A brilliant preacher with social gifts, his company was much sought at dinners and *réunions*. After the university crash and his bankruptcy, with some other scandals, he was deprived of his "faculties," but he contrived to harass his Cardinal by appealing to Rome. During the Cardinal's visit to Rome in 1883 the appeal was in issue. Here again we seem to find a suggestion of a fallen Wolsey. The case of Monsignor Capel was but too notorious, but it illustrates Mr. Purcell's mania for seeing intrigues in everything and misreading the meaning of the notes entrusted to him—that he should represent the Cardinal as repulsed and kept waiting in the ante-chambers while the decision was impending. It is easy to see that the Cardinal was chafed by the new men and new "Curia," treating him as an ordinary suitor.

Dr. Newman a sort of faction, representing religious independence as against Roman discipline, and who veiled their opposition under guise of sympathy and affection for a leader who had met with hard measure. In this alliance, he saw all the old danger arising. He foresaw an *imperium in imperio*. As Newman had such an influence in the world of letters he could not help imputing to him and his following the various criticisms and attacks which had appeared in journals. It is almost astonishing, as we note the calm, decorous fashion in which Catholic topics are now discussed in the Catholic journals and the almost deferential fashion in which every act of administration is accepted, to look back to these rather troubled times and find that there was a large group of very exacting critics—learned men with well edited organs of their own, who in rigorous, searching style examined and censured every act that they did not approve. It is only fair, however, to bear in mind that at the time there was a sort of general upheaval going on, a wave or gust of “Liberal Opinion” that had begun to sweep over Europe. There were brilliant men in most countries who held the complacent theory that a way could be found for reconciling liberal thought with orthodoxy; it is enough to name Montalembert, De Lammenais, Lacordaire, Dupanloup, Rosmini, Döllinger, and

many of the German Bishops—and in England Newman. Even Pope Pius IX. for a time held some dreamy notions of the kind. But their object was “to bring the Church into harmony with the Age,” etc. Strange to say this seemed, at the first, to excite no scandal, though grave misgivings were roused in the Rulers of the Church, even in such minds as Cardinal Wiseman’s and Dr. Ullathorne’s. These views were not strictly connected with “Gallicanism,” which was concerned with independence of Roman authority, but rather reached to questions of restraints on intellectual speculations and the limits of thought. It was, in fact, an “adumbration” of the later Döllinger movement.

The *Rambler* was established so far back as 1848, and was, I suppose, the first revival—of the name, at least—of Johnson’s famous paper. The good Doctor would hardly have been pleased with some of these latter utterance of his old journal. It was originally started by four writers of much repute—Sir John Acton, Mr. Oxenham, Mr. Wetherall, and Mr. Richard Simpson—the last three being converts. Richard Simpson, the editor of the *Rambler*, a convert and ex-clergyman, a good scholar and a well-skilled student of Shakespeare, was, in many ways, a remarkable man. He had a great gift for learning languages, was one of the earliest explorers in the State Paper Office. He was also a musical

composer. As regards his opinions, he was what might be called a "Liberal Catholic"—a species hard to conceive of now, as it is all but extinguished. "Half-baked" Catholic, however—an expressive term once in use—might be applied to him, for there was prominent in him a crotchitness or dissatisfaction which was to cause much trouble. Allied with his friend, the learned Sir John Acton, he entered on a brilliant campaign against the "obscurantism" of his Church. These writers were unsparing and uncompromising in dealing with these topics, but his friends maintained that he was all the while sound. The *Home and Foreign Review*, which succeeded the *Rambler*, had a life of not more than two years, and in the face of the strong hostility it encountered had to "stop." It is said, I know not on what authority, that Simpson was at Mr. Gladstone's side, prompting him during the composition of his famous pamphlet, "The Vatican Decrees," and that his special ecclesiastical lore was of much service to the author. It is impossible to believe that any one can really be a sincere or devout Catholic who reserves the right of finding fault or assailing his Church on such vital matters. The faith in particulars once withdrawn, it seems likely that the general faith will follow. From the analogy of the family life, the true child of the Church will nourish a genuine devotion and attachment, and is ready to overlook and condone,

rather than point out or censure, what he thinks to be glaring faults or mistakes.

Sir John Acton, now Lord Acton, is certainly one of the most brilliant "all round" scholars of his time, a prodigy of ecclesiastical learning, nourished on a unique library stored with all the theological writings of the world. For him, as for Dr. Ward, theological strife had a sort of fascination, and the hot ardour of controversy, with the natural complacency of learning, may have carried him further than he intended. In these things, as in youth, people may have sown their "wild oats." It is, however, evidence of progress to find a scholar of his calibre Professor of History at Cambridge, and Romanes Lecturer at Oxford—appointments that were most acceptable, and excited no sectarian comment. And any Catholic, as learned, and otherwise suitable, would nowadays have a similar chance of acceptance.

As is known, Dr. Newman was at one time the director of the *Rambler*, but in July, 1859, he ceased to be editor, and it passed into other hands. About July, 1861, he had warned its conductors that it was in a false position, which it would never get out of. As it was "sure to be stopped," he advised them to stop it themselves. He thought that it had lost its position among the Catholics. A grave scandal would ensue if it went on. He would not allow

any number to appear containing a theological article which had no revision by theological authority.*

A bitter attack on the Temporal Power, nominally dealing with a writing of Archbishop Manning's, appeared in the *Home and Foreign Review*, which succeeded the *Rambler*, in 1861, and all but brought matters to a crisis. At Rome the Bishops were urged to condemn it, and Bishop Ullathorne issued a "Letter" on the *Rambler* and *Home and Foreign Review*, in which he described its principles, and declared that it contained propositions "subversive of the faith, heretical, approaching to heresy, erroneous, derogatory to the teaching of the Church, and offensive to pious ears." This was severe enough.†

* In 1867, after the *Home and Foreign Review* had been withdrawn, a successor appeared in the shape of the *Chronicle*. The first number had an article on Paul Sarpi, which, as Dr. Ullathorne judged, "cut at the Holy See in the most reckless way."

† One of the most piquant passages in Mr. Purcell's biography is the discussion between Cardinal Manning and Dr. Newman on the score of an article in the *Rambler*, which the Cardinal fancied had been written or inspired by Newman. This was an error; but nothing can be better, as a piece of dialectical treatment, than Newman's handling of the topics; it is almost as good as the Kingsley pamphlet. The Cardinal fluttered helplessly under the reiterated strokes of his beak and claws,

The mention of the *Rambler* revives the memory of a brilliant but fitful and uncertain being—Henry Oxenham, formerly an Oxford clergyman, who took a deep interest in the Tractarian Movement. He was born in 1829. After moving forward steadily, he was at last, in 1857, drawn into the Catholic Church, and in the next year, like many a convert, found it necessary to state his reasons for making the change. It is clear he was a crotchety person—probably vain and self-confident—for his first step was to hesitate at ordination; he was willing to receive the minor orders, but declined the priesthood on the strange assertion that his own Anglican orders were valid and indelible. This was extraordinary in a nascent Catholic, and significant of the further trouble he was to cause. Though he was placed at the Oratory and on the teaching staff at one of the colleges, he seemed to be one of those correcting folk who by a “cursed spite” are born to set everything right. He began to adopt Döllinger’s views, under whom he had studied, and translated, “as a mark of regard,” the “First Ages of Christianity.” This, however, was before the Council had met. He next welcomed Dr. Pusey’s “Eirenicon” in a work of his own, and fraternised with Dr. Lee, of Lambeth. While the Council was at work, we find him inditing a regular series of caustic articles in a weekly journal, showing

a strong hostility to the Catholic governing spirit. We next find him translating Bishop Hefele's work on the Councils, and in 1874 he took the forward step of attending the Old Catholic Congress. Oxenham's was truly a singular career, which must have given his orthodox friends grave misgivings. He was a type of the Protestant within the Catholic fold, and may be said, through his course, to have held a standing brief for Dr. Döllinger, whose cause he advocated in and out of season. Oxenham, it appears, would run with both hare and hounds. He would be the unsparing judge and critic of his Church and its disciples. He was also a bold, unsparing, cynical writer in the *Saturday Review* and other important journals. In such efforts he could use a venomous pen. In theory, however, he was still a son of the Church. He always maintained the validity of the Church of England orders. There can be little doubt that the opinions he broached were heterodox, nearly so much so as those of the late Professor Mivart, who was brought to account for his opinions; but in the 'seventies there was an indulgent toleration or a particular caution. "Tall, thin, dark-haired, dark-eyed, and with the mien and gait of a recluse, Oxenham might have sat to a painter for 'Il Penseroso.'" So is he described by a friend, Dr. Rigg. The oddity is that he came to die, 1888, in full communion with his Church.

The rise of the *Rambler*, during the years 1857–60, had a rather prejudicial effect on the *Dublin Quarterly*, which had grown old-fashioned, perhaps humdrum. Dr. Ward, Oakeley, and some others, were called in with a view of infusing some fresh spirit into its languishing pages. But when, in 1859, it was known that Dr. Newman had accepted the editorship of the *Rambler*, it was felt that the *coup de grâce* had been given. It is amusing now to read Ward's impetuous letter, written to Newman himself, in which he inveighed against this step. Before he died, Cardinal Wiseman had transferred the *Review* to Dr. Manning. His first step was to make Ward the editor, an office he retained some sixteen years, exercising it with singular ability. He was assisted by Mr. Cashel Hoey. One of the arrangements was that there should be a triad of censors to overlook the ecclesiastical articles. One of these was the late Father Eyre, S.J. It now belongs to Cardinal Vaughan, and has more modest pretensions, being chiefly a theological organ.

The *Month*—the lineal descendant of the *Rambler*—which is directed by the Jesuit Fathers, with much spirit and ability, offers a robust tone and spirit, and professes to deal with such matters as affect Protestant opinion of Catholic questions, or questions that touch the border-land of both

religions. There is a conspicuous fairness in the treatment, such as would commend itself readily to the average reader. The present fashion of discussion is indeed mightily changed from what it used to be, for, owing to the advances of Ritualism, and of a partial recognition of the Higher Criticism by our Church, the points of agreement and the points of contact have multiplied. A number of clever men at Farm Street—such as Father Thurston, and my friend, F. Sydney Smith, the editor—are engaged in these interesting labours. These writers deal with the current controversies of the time with perfect fairness, and in an interesting fashion. Members of the Established Church will always welcome the views of intelligent Catholics on the supremely interesting questions now under discussion, such as King Edward's Prayer Book, the Archbishops' view of the Holy Eucharist, and the like.

The list of Catholic newspapers is a highly respectable one, and all are now conducted on the lines of well-established journals. The *Tablet* offers a robustness, fairness, and good sense. The *Weekly Register* is another of the Catholic organs which, however, has not enjoyed such hearty good health as the *Tablet*, and has, indeed, experienced many vicissitudes. It has for some years been under the careful direction of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, the

husband of the gifted Alice Meynell, and who is sometimes known as "John Oldcastle."*

In this connection it may be said there was one of the Cardinal's "anfractuosities" (Johnson's word), which has always seemed a strange and puzzling thing. I allude to his appearance at the discussions of the Metaphysical Society, where infidels, atheists, and other freethinkers met for bold attack and defence of all orthodox or unorthodox principles. It will be seen that it is thus conceded that such topics are matter of proper discussion, that the questions, say, of a Deity, of supernaturalism generally, are to be cast, as it were, into the melting-pot and dealt with by those with whom atheism was a first principle or axiom incapable of being argued. There was further something disagreeable in the idea of friendly recog-

* Nothing can be better for fulness and thoroughness of dealing in a businesslike way with ecclesiastical news than the penny weekly Catholic papers, which circulate among the masses. They introduce to them quite a new and stirring world, whose existence many would scarcely suspect. Here we learn of meetings, speeches, tea parties, church and school openings, testimonials and addresses to such a one, bazaars, theatricals, lectures, subscriptions, and what not. The whole is set forth with a perfect conviction of the importance of these things, an importance equal to any political matter. The *Catholic Times* and the *Universe*, the *Monitor* and some more, all find their way to the poor man's house, and are indeed indispensable to those who would keep themselves *au courant* with what is going on in the Catholic world.

tion as club comrades of such men. It must have been painful to sit by and hear Mr. Huxley challenging such accepted truths as the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and such matters. Dr. Manning, we are told, was rather taken back when called upon to prove these things before he went further. All this modern treatment of the unorthodox would not have commended itself to good old Dr. Johnson, whose method was to turn his back on the infidel or assail him with rude speech; argument such was unworthy of. This, if intolerant, was logical, from his point of view. Again, may not the close study of infidel opinions, for the serious purpose of refuting them, be fraught with perils—not the least of which is familiarity? The weighing of arguments with judicial fairness leads to the persuasion that some may have more force than others, and have even relatively a certain cogency of their own; while a sense of equity may compel the admission that there is really no sufficient answer to be found—to this poser, at least.

In this place I am tempted, though somewhat anticipating events, to follow to its close this contest between these opposing currents or forces, and to show in what an unexpected fashion the general victory, if it can be so called, came to Dr. Newman. Not only were his views on education to be adopted, though he did not live to see the result,

but he himself was to receive what must have been a most gratifying mark of confidence in his own personal character. His Order, too, which he had inspired with his own teachings, was to take the foremost place among such institutions, and its handsome church to be one of the most important in London. But he had to wait long for this rehabilitation.

A favourite fashion of promoting union among the Catholics was the notion of a club, on the usual "lines," composed of members of the one faith, and where, it was assumed, the members would constantly be discussing the interests of their Church, and be drawn together as in one family. This notion found expression in the old Stafford Club, held at an hotel, a gathering long since extinct and perhaps forgotten—and which was followed by other attempts at the same ideal. This notion now seems primæval enough, and belonged to the old days of a Theocracy. The realisation scarcely corresponded to the ideal. It became the haunt of all kinds of religious "cranks," and, it must be said, "bores," who talked and criticised, and were vehemently intolerant to those who would not agree with their views.* This system, however

* I recall the old Ford's Hotel in Manchester Street, a Catholic one, and "run" upon Catholic lines, where priests used to put up, and where a number of Catholic young men

meritorious, seems to us of this generation hard to realise. Nowadays, a purely sectarian club of any kind would seem pure Utopianism, and, in fact, could not be supported. Catholics belong to all the leading clubs, and, it might be said, have hardly sufficient of the old, fanatical faith to support such an institution.* The truth is, all such things reflect the form and pressure of the time.

Among the *habitués* of this Stafford Club was John Wallis, long editor of the *Tablet*—a rather remarkable person from the thorough independence of his views, united with devotion to his Church; where politics entered, he did not scruple to attack priests and Prelates, notably Dr. Cullen, of Dublin, in a fashion that would rather amaze us now. He

and elderly Catholic bachelors boarded, meeting at dinner, when Catholic topics were discussed and Catholic gossip circulated. Here it was that poor "Joe Swift," the some time much admired singer—and a fine tenor he was—spent a good deal of his adventurous life.

* A learned Canon of the Church lately remarked, "I wish *we* were more bigoted," and then added, "and I wish that they (Protestants) were more bigoted. There is nothing to hit now. Everything gives way or is made smooth." There is a deep truth underlying this seeming paradox, and one might join heartily in the Canon's wish. The Catholic religion seems now courteously set outside all controversy, its claims and tenets being now admitted to be uncompromising. In the ritualist controversies, the Catholic practices are belaboured; but ever with a courteous reserve in favour of the old faith. "I have not a word to say against these things in their proper place; that is, in the Roman Catholic Church."

had his crotchets, and when other Catholics, such as Sir George Bowyer, came with *theirs*, the dispute was vehement enough. How far off all this appears! It may be that this combativeness proved a deeper interest in religious things than exists now, when the average Catholic looks on placidly, seeming to consider it the clergy's business exclusively, to arrange all religious economy. In course of time the club languished and died out; another was formed in Saville Row, which met with a similar fate; and finally the idea was altogether abandoned. It was remarkable, however, that this Stafford Club, intended to be a rallying point and centre for all that was orthodox, gradually discussed itself into a state of opposition to their Archbishop. It seemed to those in Rome that the "Stafford Club Laymen" were trying to govern the Church by public opinion, a curious but not unexpected result of such Parliaments.

In the opposition and disfavour that followed him, Newman, it must be said, found support from the Catholic laity. They rallied to his defence against the opposition and intrigues which, it was believed, were being carried on at Rome. This went to the extent, in 1867, of a largely signed address of sympathy, in which was the strange statement that every blow that touched him inflicted a wound upon the Catholic Church in this country.

This sympathy was further developed, and was particularly exhibited some ten years later, on the accession of the new Pope, when the heads of the Catholic laity came forward to demand the highest honour of the Church for Dr. Newman. With all due regard to good intentions and private partiality, this must be considered an unseemly proceeding, and disrespectful to the Archbishop. A large number of influential and leading Catholics took the matter into their own hands, and, waiting on the Cardinal, expressed their wishes that Dr. Newman should be promoted. He appeared much taken back at such a proposal, but promised to forward the demand to the Holy See. It will be seen at once it was impossible for him to refuse—if he did, it would be set down to jealousy, or dislike, and the wish would be conveyed to the Holy See by other means. It was a forcing of his hand. A matter entirely within his own control and jurisdiction was decreed by public acclamation, as it were. It was known too that with the death of Pope Pius IX. Cardinal Manning's influence at Rome had waned, and that a new and more "progressive" Pope would be pleased to recognise a man of Newman's great gifts.

Then followed that most extraordinary and perplexing *mal entendu*—the strange misapprehension of Cardinal Manning, who interpreted Dr. Newman's

letter to him as a refusal. As this coincided with what may be presumed to be the Cardinal's wishes, it had a painfully awkward look. Yet, as will be seen by any one who reads the correspondence, there could hardly be a doubt that the mistake was a genuine one. Dr. Newman pleaded as excuses to his Bishop his great age, and the claims of his Oratory at Birmingham, and this greatly "distressed him." The Bishop, who wrote this to the Cardinal, does not state that he succeeded in removing these objections. To Cardinal Manning, Dr. Newman himself wrote that he would not be so ungracious as to decline, *provided* "it did not involve unfaithfulness to St. Philip." So it was really not unnatural that Cardinal Manning should have given out to his friends that Dr. Newman was indisposed to accept. One result, however, must have been the painful revelation that the body of the English Catholics were opposed to his ecclesiastic policy, and were on the side of a spirit which he had ever held to be dangerous for the Church he ruled. Yet one feels that there was something incongruous in Dr. Newman being invested with such a dignity. It was quite "out of his way," and the dignity itself seemed to suit but indifferently the scholar, recluse, and the logician, above all, one who held so poor an opinion of the "Curia," and who must have found the duties of the office burdensome. This incon-

gruity was exhibited when the new Cardinal, on his visits to town, would take up his abode with Dean Church, at the Deanery of St. Paul's, a proceeding that made the judicious grieve. But he would have been more than mortal to have resisted the opportunity of such a signal rehabilitation, before the eyes of the English public and his own co-religionists, and the triumphant defeat of an opponent.

CHAPTER VI

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE CHURCH

DEALING with the various elements which have had their influence on Catholic progress, it would be impossible to leave out of view one important factor. Odd as it may seem to be, no force has been more effective in consolidating and giving recognition to Catholic influences than the late Mr. Gladstone. It has been often said, and with perfect truth, that he would have made an eminent ecclesiastic—say a conspicuous and notable Archbishop. As it was, however, from the earliest days of his course to the last, we find him in contact, more or less close, and more or less friendly or hostile, with Catholicism or Catholics. Catholics owe him a vast debt for the consolidation of their religion, brought about either by his hostility or by his equally impetuous support and alliance for political ends. It is clear that this eminent man's sympathies—if not convictions—from the beginning

were Catholic. He was "deep" in the Oxford movement and the subsequent agitations, until it came to what his friend Cardinal Manning calls "the parting of the ways." As is well known, he deeply resented his treatment by the Irish Bishops on the university question, for whose acceptance of his proposals his friend Manning had vouched, and which long rankled. This might be contrasted with the behaviour of Mr. Disraeli, who met with almost the same treatment, and with more disastrous results. Though hurt and sore for a time, it speedily passed from his mind.

An illustration of this hostility was alliance with the German Old Catholic party, and his intimate connection with its representatives in this country. This was engendered by the great Vatican Council in 1870, which inflamed him to an almost fanatical extent. He hailed triumphantly and encouraged the strong dissident minority, and nourished futile hopes that here at last was the chance of a new schism.*

* As Mr. Purcell states, during the Council a proposal was made to the English Government by the Bavarians that the various Powers should "intervene at the Vatican" to protect the civil and religious liberty of their Catholic subjects. We are told that through the agency of talks between Odo Russell and Archbishop Manning, the position of things was so well put before the former, and by him before his Government, that the proposal failed. Mr. Gladstone in council warmly sup-

When the new "Old Catholic" Church was being formed under the auspices of Döllinger and others he encouraged and supported it. He made journeys to Tergensee and other places to meet and consult with him. A less passionate politician would have seen that this movement, from its nature, was doomed to failure, and that it was merely helping to add yet one more to the innumerable Protestant sects. But he lived—as he did in so many other instances—to see it all but flicker out.*

Theological subjects had indeed always a sort of fascination for him, and to the last days of his long life he was eager to display a learning that must at

ported the proposal for interference, but was successfully opposed by Lord Granville, "who exposed one by one the fallacious statements and wilful distorting of facts." Thus, it is not too much to say, if these statements be correct, "that Archbishop Manning and Odo Russell were the human instruments in God's hands for saving the Council from shipwreck" (Purcell, ii. 437). But any one who considers the story well, or is at all familiar with political life here, will at once feel that this is a mere dream. It was impossible that the Government could take note of so remote a thing as a Council in Italy, nor would the law permit it. They would have to wait for some overt act committed in England and against English laws.

* About this time I recall seeing him land at Ostend, and was struck with the determined expression of his face as he ensconced himself in a corner of his carriage, never speaking to any one. He was hurrying to Germany to the death-bed of his sister, with the purpose, it was said, of bringing her back to her original faith.

best have been but superficial. His powers of casuistry and refinings, and what is vulgarly called "hair splitting,"* made him throw himself with passionate eagerness into such conflicts. The fitful character of his intimacy and life-long connection with Cardinal Manning is almost the exact image of his relation to the Catholic Church, for with that eminent man he was at one time on most affectionate terms; but after their relations became clouded, for years did not communicate with him. Later he became friendly again, and, directed by some impulsive feeling or new theory, would be drawn to the Church which he was glad once more to take under his patronage. Then some firm, uncompromising act would disgust him, and he was bitter and hostile. Even at the close, on the eve of his death, he indulged in a Utopian vision on the subject of Anglican Orders, and issued a proclamation full of compliments to the Holy See—to be changed into angry comment when the decision became known. These seemed but *amantium iræ*. But he presently came into the open and threw down a challenge to the great

* See some pamphlets by an author devoted specially to this subject, which prove that he had special knowledge of Mr. Gladstone's peculiar turn and accomplishments in this "line." They are entitled "Letters to my son Herbert," and passed through many editions.

Church. He would impeach her before the world, and so launched his favourite form of missile—a pamphlet—the well-known “Vatican Decrees.” He knew that from its cheapness and piquancy this would fall into every hand, and his argument that the result of the decrees would be that no Catholic who received them could be trusted by his countrymen was likely enough to inflame the masses.

Of course there was the illusive plea that they, the Catholics, might reject the decrees, and thus prove their loyalty; but he must have known that this was unlikely. He had a special knack in writing these ephemeral things, he knew how and when to strike the crowd, and he had already made a world-wide success in this line with his exposure of the Neapolitan prison horrors. The tumult stirred up answered to his best wishes.

Every one bought and read: editions and translations succeeded. He was virtually standing forth to do battle with the Council; and only voiced the common newspaper charges of “cramping the intellect,” “conspiracy against liberty,” and the rest. The air was full of angry cries and discussions. Innumerable answers were written—some by persons of high consideration, such as Dr. Newman, Dr. Manning, Bishop Ullathorne, and many more. The question was thoroughly “threshed out.” But it was little more than an academic one, and the

common sense conclusion reached seemed to be that in all sects or religions there was a point where the duty of loyalty may be checked by conscience. The discussion, as I have said, on the whole brought advantage to the Catholic faith: it lifted it into additional importance, and with many thinkers the argument in defence convinced. The author of the pamphlet collectively answered all who had answered him, devising a rather offensive title, as a sort of nick-name or soubriquet, which he hoped would "stick"—to wit, "*Vaticanism*"—but which did not.

It was characteristic that, having expended or "blown off" all his bitterness, he now felt at ease, turned away to other subjects, and forgot all that he had said. And when by and by the Irish alliance was cemented he could show the tenderest sympathy with Catholic practices and feelings. And there were to be seen the spectacle of Catholics—like Lord Ripon, who had been laid under a ban, as too dangerous to be trusted—now filling high Cabinet offices. That this should seem inconsistent caused him little astonishment—and he airily brushed the objection aside, with the remark that the object of his pamphlet had been gained, for he had forced the Catholic party to make a "declaration that their loyalty was *not* interfered with by the new decrees." It cannot, however, be forgotten how gallantly and

unselfishly he stood forth to oppose the penal measures brought forward against the Hierarchy, at the risk of injury to his political prospects. For this chivalry much must be forgiven him. But it must be remembered that this was the old Gladstone, as yet full of high ideals, religious and secular—the Gladstone of the High Church and of Oxford. He had not yet broached the fatal doctrine of *opportunism*, nor the principle of the dealing with a question “when it was *ripe*”—*i.e.*, likely to obtain fitting and sufficient support, with which was intimately connected his almost suggestion of “drawing public attention” to a question by violent acts.

In this controversy much was made of a remark imputed to the late Lord Denbigh to the effect that “he was a Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards.” The more correct version of his words was “An Englishman, if you please, but a Catholic before everything.” It is astonishing how anything serious could have been made of such a declaration, which must be accepted by every one, *i.e.*, “principle first, country afterwards,” and for which innumerable good men and true have bled and died.

Another of Mr. Gladstone’s unexpected schemes—and in his heyday of popularity no one could be prepared for the novelties he was prepared to spring upon the town—was an idea of adding to the House

of Lords as life peers the heads of the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan bodies. That this was no piece of newspaper gossip was certain, for it was broached, as the method then was, in the organs of the party. Moreover, it was exactly one of the schemes that would emanate from that fertile intellect, for it was a step towards that "levelling all round" to which he was so partial. But, as may be conceived, the difficulties in the way of this bold scheme were too great, coming from high and other quarters. We can fancy that it would have been acceptable to the Cardinal, who would have found a new and welcome sphere for his animated talent. It, of course, came to nothing.

It is impossible after all not to feel a deep interest in this extraordinary man, for his impetuous versatility and restless energy, which made every topic of the moment seem to him as important as though some principle were at stake. I really believe, had he found welcome and encouragement and deference to his views, he would have given full play to his sympathies for the Catholic Church. It might have been a feeling of jealousy mixed with a petulance. The Irish prelates and priests, who showed their partiality for him, he rewarded in the way we know.

At various seasons the question had often arisen

of opening relations—diplomatic more or less—between this country and the Holy See. On occasion these have been really “serious,” and once, at least, were very nearly taking shape. It may be said that this is likely to be little more than a political dream. The *sentiment* of the country is opposed to the notion, and were some bold statesman to take the first step the working out of the scheme would be fraught with so many difficulties that it would certainly break down. It will be said, of course, that such relations exist between Protestant—notably Prussia—States and the Holy See, and that it works well. But in these cases treaties in some shape of *concordat* already exist by which the particular country has a voice in the appointment of Bishops, etc., and this implies an existing recognition of the religion.

Mr. Gladstone seems to have often favoured some such arrangement. The most notable of his attempts was the “Errington mission,” which was to furnish an instance of his wonderfully strange skill in minimising, “explaining away” or denying what had become inconvenient and dangerous to his political position. One can almost admire the subtlety and mastership of ambiguous phraseology—the refinings and “reservations” which he brought to this question, and still more to the “Kilmainham release.”

As is known, the distracted state of Ireland in 1881, under his own generous treatment, had led to the rather desperate suggestion of obtaining the aid of the Church. Such at least was the belief, for it leaked out that Mr. Errington (afterwards Sir George) had gone to Rome, and was having interviews with His Holiness and his Secretary of State. These rumours were so persistently repeated, with so many details, that in 1883 the matter was brought before the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone was formally challenged on the matter. Nothing could be more ostentatiously distinct or satisfactory to the disturbed Protestant mind than his categorical answer: "There has been no negotiation with Mr. Errington"—that is, on the part of the Court of Rome—"no proposal made: no request tendered to him: no appointment"—that is, by Government. This meant that he was entrusted with no proposals—he was not even asked to say anything—that he bore no propositions. He had, in fact, gone to Rome, like any other Catholic gentleman, and if he chose to talk of Ireland or of other topics with His Holiness and the Cardinals he could do so on his own account. It seemed rather unfair on such meagre evidence to try and involve Government in the business. The statement, however, was not accepted.

Presently, as the result of further inquisition and repeated questionings, some extraordinary admis-

sions were made. First, before his departure Mr. Errington had an interview with Lord Granville, who desired him to lay the condition of Ireland before the Pope. Lord Granville had further given him a letter, or letters, regularly accrediting him and describing him as a "recommended agent" of the British Government; and finally, he had been enjoined to see the Pope's Secretary of State and explain everything to him! The latter received the overtures cordially, and, naturally enough, expressed himself as most willing to receive, and negotiate with, the "recommended agent." An attempt was then made to discover whether the agent's expenses had been paid to him. Many shifts and evasions were used to avoid giving a direct answer, but the presumption was that he had received these expenses. Some time after, when the matter had been nearly forgotten, the agent who had no mission and had done nothing, was mysteriously made a baronet, in recompense for services.

In 1883 Cardinal Manning was at Rome and had many audiences of the Pope, during which they talked fully on Ireland. He saw also the Cardinal's secretary, and thus "all that I cared to know I have come to know." Thus enlightened, he writes down some notes of what he takes to be the true history of the Errington mission. The Holy Father wished for recognition by the English Government,

and had this wish conveyed to it. Errington was sent, but when the details were known, it became dangerous to the Ministry. "They then threw over Mr. Errington, and finally, with great indignity, Mr. Gladstone declared they had no desire for relations with Rome." After that came the letter condemning the Land League agitation. The Papal Court was deeply displeased at the trick played on it, and, though Errington still remained, it, as the Cardinal says, "wished him at Jericho, and the Holy Father wished it too." "Tell him not to come again," he said.*

So that from these accounts nothing can be clearer than that some such negotiations had been set on foot. Every stage of it was marked by a craft that is really unexampled. It seemed an ignoble exemplification of "Heads I win; tails you lose." The Pope, if it be not irreverent to say so, was fairly "done." There was denial, equivocation, and finally a repudiation when it was found no longer profitable to go on.

The absence of any direct method of communicating with the Holy See was, however, so often fraught with inconvenience that it had become desirable to devise a rather underhand method of

* Purcell, *Life*, ii., 578. This is one of the most curious passages in this—with all its indiscretions—most interesting work.

intercourse, viz., to have a person residing there attached to the Foreign Office, but not accredited to anybody in particular. He was "in the air," as it were, but in any difficulty communicated freely and even officially with the Pope and his ministers. Mr. Odo Russell, afterwards Lord Ampthill, long filled this dubious and awkward position with admirable tact and efficiency, so that he even became *persona gratissima* at the Roman Court.

The question, however, so disagreeable for Government was not allowed to sleep. Later on, in 1883, the awkward topic "cropped up" again, and more questions were put, on the assumption that the Papal letter on the Irish agitation must have been the result of some such negotiation or arrangement. Again it was solemnly denied that there had been any mission, that there was any representative, or that there had been any congratulations to His Holiness by Government on the letter. Mr. Gladstone's answer, however, seemed to admit something, for he now declared there was no authority given beyond Lord Granville's letter of recommendation. To this he added oracularly, "That would hold good so long as the bearer remained a gentleman of honour," etc. It has, however, never been clearly explained why a gentleman of an influential Catholic family who could always have easy access to the Vatican should be fitted out with credentials for

the same purpose at a peculiar crisis from Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and later should have been rewarded with a baronetcy.

In May, 1885, some further light was thrown on this "Errington mission" by a letter, stolen, it was said, and addressed by the supposed envoy to Lord Granville, when the choice of a new Archbishop of Dublin was under consideration. It was in doubt whether Dr. Walsh, whose "Nationalist" sympathies were well known, or Cardinal Moran would be selected. The letter was read out in the House of Commons. The writer spoke of "continuing to keep the Vatican in good humour about you" (*i.e.*, Lord Granville), and said he would keep up his communication with it as much as possible, and would watch carefully for the right moment, when strong pressure could be brought to bear. This, of course, may have been an illusion, and Sir George may have fancied that he was "pulling the wires," very much like the mysterious but unaccredited emissary who passed between Bazaine and Bismarck during the war of 1870. Dr. Walsh, as we know, was appointed, though the Government would have desired a more moderate man. But it is clear that the Vatican had been beguiled in the late pseudo negotiations, and was inclined to let the Government get out of its own scrape unaided. Sir George has

ever been silent on this transaction. Such is all that is known for the present of the much-discussed Errington mission, though one day, it may be, Sir George, like so many folk, will sit down to write his memoirs, and give us a full account of "My Mission to Rome."

The effect on Cardinal Manning of this transaction was most "characteristical." From the self-revealings, which are a note of the Purcell biography, we find that he regarded all these attempts with repulsion and alarm. The former tells us that "In the year of the Queen's Jubilee, 1887, when a special Envoy, Monsignor Ruffo Scilla, was sent to England with the Pope's congratulations, some well-meaning people saw in the marked courtesy with which this visit was greeted a sign that the moment was propitious for arranging these relations on a diplomatic basis. Cardinal Manning one day expressed himself vehemently to his biographer on this danger. They were planning and scheming, he said, for a futile thing. Nothing would be gained by it, and the suspicions of the nation would be roused. The good-natured toleration it exercised was because the Catholics kept strictly to their religion; but once they applied religion to politics the country would be roused. Those at Rome were in utter ignorance of what was the delicate position of the Catholic

Church in England. You had, as it were, to keep your finger on the pulse of the nation.”*

Among these retrospects—often complacent, but mostly dismal—with which the Cardinal solaced his closing years, was a dream that at the time of the present Pope’s election an offer had been made to put him forward as a candidate. Mr. Purcell gives the passage from his journals, and seems to accept the account seriously; but it does not at all bear that construction.† It is plain, however, that there was nothing “serious,” or in the shape of candidature here: it was simply a talk as to the choice of likely candidates: “Suppose you come forward?” “Or you?” and so on. Further, at that moment, it is admitted that the Cardinal’s day of influence at the Holy See had passed away, and he himself admits that he found himself almost friendless.

That interesting but profitless inquiry into “Housing the Poor,” 1890, raised a question, much discussed at the time, as to his precedence. When the order of names on the Commission was being settled, it became a rather difficult question where to place that of Cardinal Manning. It was, in fact, put first after the Prince of Wales’. Not much notice was taken at the time, but after a long inter-

* Purcell, ii. 741.

† A year or two later the matter was discussed in the *Tablet*, and the same claim put forward.

val people began to quote the matter, as though this arrangement had settled the question once and for all. It was answered that Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales and Lord Salisbury had been consulted, and had determined that such was the proper arrangement. Mr. Bodley, the Secretary to the Commission, wrote to support this view ; but, after all, it is doubtful whether it can be looked on as an official decision, or as one going beyond the particular instance. Mr. Gladstone, whose views on such points were usually accurate and acute, said that in this country the Cardinal had no temporal rank, save what was extended to him by courtesy.*

Looking back a little I must not pass over the long-protracted episode which was not without its influence on the course of the religion, from the sensational interest it excited and the light it shed upon Catholic life. That vast *cause célèbre*, the Tichborne case, is now seldom recalled ; but few cases have more excited public attention, not only here but over the world. Several of the great Catholic families were drawn into the struggle ; vast sums had to be raised and expended ; the Claimant was eventually put on his trial for the imposture, and sent to penal servitude. I myself had been at

* I know of one venerable Bishop of the Established Church who would always insist on yielding this precedence to the Cardinal at dinner parties or elsewhere.

school with Roger Tichborne at Stonyhurst, and knew him well both there and afterwards when he was in the Army.*

A favourite movement during the past thirty years has been the "pilgrimages"—that is, excursions on a vast scale—chiefly to Rome or Lourdes. These, when first introduced, were supported with much enthusiasm. The earliest, I believe, was that to Paray le Monial, which excited much attention at the time, as the idea was then quite a novelty, and it appealed to the romantic as well as the devotional feeling. Most of the leading Catholics enrolled themselves, a special train and steamboat were

* With a pleasant lack of logic, the many-headed crowd clamorously rallied to "the Claimant," for the reason that "he was kept out of his rights because he was the son of a poor man." I recall a dinner party given by John Forster, at which the favourite topic was the subject of talk. Of the company was another schoolfellow of Roger's and my own, and who enlarged on this old acquaintanceship, furnishing many particulars for the enjoyment of the company, for then nothing else was talked about. With more reserve, I had always forborne to say anything of my share in the matter, having a wholesome dread of the redoubted Doctor Kenealy, who tried to discredit all witnesses of this kind, and very unscrupulously. It happened that some one connected with the Treasury was present, and almost the next day my friend received a summons from the law adviser, and was severely cross-examined as to his recollections, which were duly noted. Eventually, however, he was not called. I, who had remained silent with a foreboding of this contingency, escaped.

engaged, reporters from the papers followed in its steps. There was, of course, some bigotry aroused, and one angry zealot, as the vessel moved away, shook his stick at the party, exclaiming, "You ought all to be ashamed of yourselves." This pilgrimage has been followed by others—by those to Lourdes and to Rome, etc., of which latter Messrs. Cook took charge. There was, as was to be expected, some jesting on the contrast between the modern pilgrims journeying "first-class" and putting up at excellent hotels, and the older ones toiling painfully along the roads in their sandal shoon; but such jokers hardly knew the facts of the case. The long journey in a crowded, closely-packed train, in sultry weather, with a succession of religious exercises, help to make it a very exhausting and trying progress—perhaps as arduous, for one accustomed to the luxurious and leisurely travelling of the nineteenth century, as was the old pilgrimage in mediæval days.

Dr. Johnson has said that nothing odd—that is, out of the way—will last, and it is certain that for many years these pilgrimages have been, as it were, somewhat out of fashion. To a certain number it would seem to be a sort of "pious junketing" or pleasant outing in the society of religious friends. It would be impossible, too, assuming that some had resolved to carry out the expedition on the most

devotional lines—that is, to approach the sacred shrine with feelings of a desire that should increase as the distance lessened—it would be difficult, I say, to maintain this tone in the company of some hundred travellers more or less concerned with the nervous anxieties of their route. However this may be, it would seem from the capriciousness with which the matter was taken up, and as suddenly dropped after a little experience, that it is hardly now in great favour with the Catholic community. Thus the last important pilgrimage of “The Holy Year” did not include more than a couple of hundred persons, while the Catholic nobility was almost conspicuous by its absence.

Another interesting incident which gave satisfaction to Catholics in England was the beatification of the holy band of men who are known as the English Martyrs. They included those who had suffered death “for the faith and for the primacy of the Roman Pontiff” between the years 1535 and 1681. They were fifty-four, with nine others added some eleven years later. Of this devoted group two names are familiar to the general public—those of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. As Mr. Birrell has happily said, there is no English character “more popular” than Sir Thomas More. There is something engaging about him, and the pleasant gaiety or alacrity which he showed on the

scaffold has won all sympathies. It was a labour of love with the late Father Bridgett to collect everything that was associated with this great man, and his Life and other "collections" which he gathered with much labour has furnished an enduring monument that only needs to be shaped in a more popular and less recondite form. The beatification of the fifty-four was on December 9, 1886; that of the nine additional martyrs on May 13, 1895.

In November, 1884, the very novel, and, for centuries, unprecedented spectacle of the appearance of a priest in the House of Lords, was presented when Lord Petre took his seat. There were the usual comments in the journals, but it was considered—how changed the feeling!—as a rather interesting and picturesque thing. I am tempted in this place in the career of this priest-peer to recall one of those bizarre incidents which excite about as much astonishment as amusement. During the year 1877 a pamphlet appeared which caused some stir, as it contained some novel ideas on education, put out by him. It was entitled, "Remarks on the present Condition of Catholic Liberal Education," which he contended was superannuated and unsuited to persons of high degree. Some of the theories were quaintly odd: such as "Circumstances of luxury and aristocratic elegance were favourable to education," and youth ought to be

passed "amid circumstances of ease and elegance." A great hindrance he found in the mixture of coarse teachers and companions, and especially in "the barbarous ideal of football where hard heads and limbs carry all before them." He held, in fact, that the forms of asceticism found in the old schools had had their day, *i.e.*, restraints on liberty of thought and action, such as choosing books for them to read, etc. In short, he urged the public school system as known at Harrow and Eton, where boys were unrestrained and their "virtue was in their own hands." These views might cause a smile, and, however well meant, were Utopian. It was a more serious thing when he proceeded to carry them into practice by opening an establishment at Woodburn Park, to which he succeeded in drawing a few children of the well-born and aristocratic, and who desired to be brought up with all the refinements. Menials in handsome liveries waited on the young gentlemen, and there was a general atmosphere of a lordly house. Everything was done in a gentlemanly way. A measure of success attended the experiment, and the pupils grew from half a dozen to some eighty.*

* A visitor described an iron building which had been fitted up as a sort of Parliament House for debates, Father Petre himself officiating as "Speaker" arrayed in full-bottomed wig and robes; while one of the boys acted as Serjeant-at-Arms, wear-

He persevered with the experiment for some years. It was, of course, a failure, and might be classed with the fantastical dreams of the St. Simonians and of *Enfantin*. In due course Mr. Petre succeeded to the peerage. By this time he had dropped schoolmaster's work and took his place in the world.

I find myself ever lingering with satisfaction on such meagre memories as I can recall of this interesting Prelate. That they are meagre—and I say it with regret—I am myself the cause; for only too often had he bidden me come up to his house and

ing a black suit—knee-breeches, sword, etc. These pleasant fantasies could hardly be taken seriously. But after seven years' trial it was announced, in 1884, that the school was to be closed. The health of the zealous and enthusiastic principal gave way, and, further, there had been a serious defalcation in the accounts, amounting to some £20,000. At this time there was a curious change in the public feeling towards the experiment, and it seemed to be admitted that there might be "something in it," as though Father Petre was in advance of his time; some even urged that the scheme should be reorganised and put on a business footing. Some time later he began a campaign against corporal punishment in the schools, and the attack was directed chiefly against Stonyhurst. He seemed to rely for evidence on a boy's story of my own, to wit, "*Schooldays at Saxonhurst*," half-romance, half founded on fact, in which an account was given of the administration of ferulas, etc. He did not note that the account of the pain, etc., from this form of punishment were such as they would appear to a boy's mind, a feeling always exaggerated. Innumerable old Stonyhurst boys rushed to defend their old *Alma Mater*.

“have a talk”; but something always interposed. His dislike of the stage was well known, and he would humorously shake his head over my sympathies in that direction. “I tell you what,” he said once. “Fix a day and hour, come to my house, and *we will have it regularly out.*” As he kept himself *au courant* with men and manners, so would he be *au courant* with all the novelties in literature. It was pleasant to see him at the library desk at the Athenæum, gravely taking stock of the newest books, and, selecting one, retire with it to a roomy arm-chair, where, with his broad-brimmed hat over his eyes, he would read until interrupted by some of his innumerable friends. I remember his being very eager to know who was the witty author of “*Obiter Dicta*,” and he it was that first drew my attention to that most remarkable of psychological studies, the *Journal* of the young Russian, Marie Bashkirtseff. He had an eye for such “curios.” How often have I seen him in deep converse with some Bishop or Dean, with all of whom he was *persona grata*, and for whom, “my brother Benson” and others, he had much sympathy. I have seen him approach the worthy Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester, who was deep in some great theological tome, and who would rise respectfully to talk with him. One might have assumed that the two Prelates were of the same faith, though the Catholic

might have been taken for a Protestant Bishop, while the other, with his violet skull-cap, gold pectoral cross, and violet vest, might have seemed the Catholic.

I have spoken of his preaching. To hear Cardinal Manning preach was something as novel as it was entrancing. There was nothing like it to be heard in any of the churches. There was grace, culture, refinement, with a wonderful originality of matter and treatment, set off by a sort of restrained fervour and earnestness that were irresistible. All he said was dealt with in a finished style that was becoming the subject—high themes that suited language as high. The pale eye would kindle as he spoke; a faint tinge would colour the emaciated cheek; the pathetic tones would pierce to the remotest corner. It was extraordinary, the contrast between these utterances and the ordinary sermons. It was another thing altogether. You always heard something original, or something set in a wholly new light. He ever conveyed the notion of the dignity of his office—that he was the messenger announcing great tidings. He was fond of preaching at the little chapel in Palace Street, which was close by, and in earlier days would give a mission with great results. I hear him speaking from his very heart as he wound up: “Come,” he would say in a friendly, confidential tone—“come and tell all

your sins and be reconciled. Don't wait for sorrow or penitence—do it at once; treat it simply as a matter of business. Have you the *wish* to return to God? Then all is right. Simply walk straight into the Confessional. I guarantee that everything else will follow. Try it." Those practical words had extraordinary effect.*

It is sad to think that this really interesting and striking career should be practically left unrecorded and undescribed, for Mr. Purcell's "Life," apart from objections on the score of taste and sympathy, is wholly unfaithful, and presents him as a "pushing," rather worldly ecclesiastic. The religious side of his work and character, his burning devotion and zeal for the care of the poor, for the spread of his Church and its institutions, are poorly dealt with. It might have been the story of a sort of Catholic Wilberforce. Curious to say, the best and most faithful accounts of him have been furnished by Protestants—one by M. de Pressensé, a French Protestant

* Once when he was preaching in the little church at Palace Street his eye fell upon me, and presently from his lips came some things which I seemed to recognise—some reflections on the Mass which I had made in a little book which he had been good enough to praise. He went on and on until he had given the substance of nigh the whole passage. Later on, speaking to him about it, he gave a pleasant laugh. "Ah, well!" said he, "I saw you there, and thought I would give you a little surprise." How good-natured and how condescending was this!

minister; the other by Mr. Hutton. It was announced, in the tumult that followed the appearance of Mr. Purcell's life, that a real and correct life, presenting the Cardinal's religious work, and a true "counterfeit presentment" of him, would presently be put in hand, and his memory vindicated. Some six years have passed and nothing has been done.* In none of the churches does a fitting and stately memorial greet our eyes. Yet in the cathedral at Dublin there are large kneeling figures on a grand scale portraying Archbishop Murray, Cardinal Cullen, and other Prelates. What can be the reason of this oblivion?

The wrong done and the injustice of printing private diaries without rigid examination and careful suppression, should be before every one concerned in preparing a biography. A diary on the familiar Letts' principle is either a record of facts and events—a guide and aid to the memory; but in many cases it becomes a record of feelings, impressions, ephemeral criticisms of others, and the like. These things are of a momentary and transient character, and have, even for the world, no official value whatever; for they represent only the enthusiasm or irritation of the moment. They are of interest to the writer only, and are

* I have been assured that it is thought wiser not to "stir the matter," but let the whole die away.

about as irresponsible as those hasty, impulsive utterances which give a charm to conversation. Even Boswell, when recording Johnson's talk, or professing to do so, was careful to edit them, to compress and suppress; to correct, by supplying what he knew of the sage's fixed opinions on the particular subject. The mind in its inner chambers is always active enough. Wholly different views of a transaction rise before it—some partial, some unjust, some favourable. It is indeed impossible to think of any one, or of his doings, without forming some sort of opinion, however transient. How unfair, then, to use such notes as an official expression or deliberate judgment!

Cardinal Manning in his closing years was fond of using a picturesque expression—"Ah! I am slowing into the station"—a happy one, though I believe used before him by his successor. To a man of his character the sorest trial of his life must have been his long-enforced imprisonment, owing to the sensitive delicacy of his chest, which denied him that restless movement which was the essence of his life. What wonder, then, that his meditations, as found in his notes and diaries, took the shape of mournful retrospects and sad meditations?

No doubt his sensitive nature felt acutely the decay of his influence at the Holy See. Again and

again he records his wonder at the coldness with which he was received there on his visit in 1883, not apparently seeing the reason. He set it down to "the industrious misrepresentation of many people. I am told it was intentional that I was not consulted upon Ireland or our Government." Further, his policy on the Oxford proposals was also out of harmony with that of His Holiness. There is nothing more sad or more piteous than these confessions of disappointment and isolation. There is something that suggests the fallen Wolsey. There was the same imperious will accustomed to rule unchecked and secure of support. Now the once champion of the Holy See found himself isolated and alone with new men and new measures.

"Archbishop's House" has by this time become a familiar *locale*. This gloomy and dreary-looking building is old enough to have a sort of history and traditions of its own. We look back to the days of the Vicars-Apostolic, when an old-fashioned but substantial house in Golden Square was the Bishops' House. This quaint region, which still belongs to unchanged London, was certainly more congenial and inspiring than the present gaunt and depressing edifice. It was at the best house in Golden Square that Boz fixed the residence of his Ralph Nickleby, but in Dr. Wiseman's time it had not been changed into trading offices and warehouses. It had then an

almost ecclesiastical flavour. The residence was next shifted to York Place, at the top of Harley Street—a cheerful and airy locality opening on Marylebone Road, then almost suburban in character. In these modest mansions the denizens were at their “wits’ end” how to dispose of the accumulated papers of the Mission—and it was a miracle how they did so. Then there came removal to the present Archbishop’s house—formerly the Guards’ Institute—and purchased in 1872 for, I think, £15,000 or £16,000. Here in this grim tenement the Cardinal spent his last solitary days.*

As Mr. Purcell tells us, hither came every projector and reformer who wished to gain the popular breeze to consult the always amiable and accessible Cardinal, whose solitude such visits cheered; and each found it easy to inspire him with at least some of his own enthusiasm. Many were no doubt charlatans and schemers. Of all these visits I fancy the one that must have gratified him the most was that deputation from the Jewish body who waited on him with a substantial token of their gratitude, with many words of warmth and hearty good sympathy from the Chief Rabbi and the leading laymen. It was an extraordinary and unusual tribute to a

* At this moment (May, 1901), the walls of the new residence have risen on the ground just behind the apse of the new cathedral, thus helping to make a very effective group.

Catholic Prelate, and seems more extraordinary now in the light of the Dreyfus persecution. It must be, however, that it is exceptional that a Catholic should show a leaning to Jews, and it may have been owing to the Cardinal's early training in another fold.

He died in January, 1892, and one of his last acts was to express his sympathy with the Queen and Prince of Wales, on the illness of the young Duke of Clarence, then also dying.

BOOK V

CARDINAL VAUGHAN

CHAPTER I

REFORMS: CATHOLIC USAGES

WHEN a well-graced actor quits the scene, the eye, we are told, settles but idly on him who enters next. There was naturally much speculation in the kingdom as to who was to succeed the late accomplished Prelate. In the Catholic world, however, there was but little doubt that the choice would fall on one who had long been his cherished friend and intimate counsellor, the Bishop of Salford, one of the same school of policy, and of the same sympathies. Any one then taking stock, as it is called, of the Hierarchical body and of their qualifications, must have come to the conclusion that Dr. Vaughan of Salford was the best fitted and the best equipped for the office, for the reason that his gifts were the most conspicuous. Accordingly, in April, 1892, he was named to the See.

Cardinal Vaughan comes of a well-known old Catholic family, the Vaughans of Herfordshire, and *e*

was born in 1832. The family has given many of its children to the Church and to the Army. His father's three brothers became priests, and of his three sisters two were nuns. Of the next generation the Cardinal's brother was Archbishop of Sidney, three other brothers were priests, and of five sisters four were nuns. The same tendency is being shown in the next generation. Thus there were fourteen members of a single family who had embraced the religious life.

Cardinal Vaughan has had a very energetic life, much of which was spent in missionary work abroad. Returning to England, he joined the Oblates just founded by Cardinal Manning, to whom he attached himself thenceforth with "hooks of steel." He remained Vice-President of St. Edmund's College, which had come under the control of the order, until 1872, when he set forth on his travels to far-off countries, making various journeys during a series of years in the interests of the Church. No doubt the general dearth of religious instructors suggested to him the project of a college for foreign missionaries, which he established at Mill Hill in 1869, and which has since grown up into a very important house.

In 1871 he was able to set out for Maryland with a band of priests who had been prepared for work in the college. They were to attend to the coloured

population. In 1872 he became Bishop of Salford, and for just twenty years pursued a course of untiring activity, identifying himself with many important social movements, such as temperance, rescue of children, commercial education and the like, etc., besides issuing a series of weighty pastoral letters and arranging on an appeal to Rome certain disputes as to jurisdiction which had arisen between the Bishop and the religious orders. It happened that the Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, was also an energetic Prelate, and it was hard to say which was the most so. They had occasionally a little friction, but on the whole were good friends, and co-operated where they could. To his exertions also is owing the College of St. Bede, intended for the education of those following commercial pursuits.

Comparing the three prelates, Cardinal Wiseman might be said to be the scholarly bishop, with large heart and cordial methods. Cardinal Manning was the cultured prelate of the Church of England or University old type, with a taste for diplomacy; Cardinal Vaughan the working bishop, in touch with the great public community—fertile in plans and reforms. Each of these three responded a good deal to the “form and pressure” of their time, and were in some degrees moulded by these forces. Cardinal Manning, could he have changed places

with Cardinal Wiseman, would have found most of his fine gifts thrown away or comparatively wasted, while Cardinal Wiseman would not have displayed the fine delicate touch and graces of his successor.

It is notable that these three Metropolitan prelates were men of good family and connection, a not undesirable thing where tact in the encountering of all ranks and conditions of persons in a great capital is necessary. All three, too, had a "distinction" of style and manner. All classes seemed to welcome the new Prelate—the Catholics with cordiality, the Protestants with a decided interest and a wish to offer him every chance of success. He, in January, 1893, became Cardinal, and, though not in the best of health, soon displayed immense zeal and activity in devising plans and reforms which should be "in touch" with the advancing spirit of the times. These were many and various, and of much originality.

Though Cardinal Vaughan's reign has only extended over a brief span of about eight or nine years, he has already left his mark, as it were, on his diocese, in the shape of some momentous undertakings, one of which might have engrossed the labours of a lifetime. Chief of these were the final settlement of the great question of the Anglican Orders, which had virtually continued undecided for nearly four centuries; the develop-

ment of the Social Union ; and, greatest of all, that herculean undertaking of building a Catholic cathedral.

From the days of the first establishment of the Hierarchy it had long been the dream of the Catholics to rear a great cathedral worthy of their religion and of its impressive ceremonies. The idea had been often mooted, but Cardinal Wiseman had too many serious matters in hand to give it attention, and his own failing state of health and the inertness attendant on his maladies were sufficient reasons for considering it little more than a dream. Seldom has a scheme been subject to such fluctuations, being now taken up, now laid aside, and at last, though to many sound heads seeming hopeless and Utopian, virtually accomplished by an exertion of extraordinary energy. When we think that the only modern instance in England and in the English Church of rearing a cathedral, that of Truro, with all the resources of the Establishment, resulted in building only a fragment, we may well wonder at this surprising result. The history of the Westminster fane is an interesting one, and well worth the telling. During a space of nearly forty years it has in some form been kept alive. It was attended by some speculative operations which, had anything gone wrong, might have shipwrecked not merely the whole

scheme, and put it aside for another half century, but the fortunes of many. It did indeed seem that a cathedral, as that humorist Weller said of another matter, "wos to be, and—it wos." It came to pass that Cardinal Manning, though he had spent large sums on securing the ground, died without seeing a single stone of the cathedral laid. But with the coming of Cardinal Vaughan a change came over the fortunes of the scheme. Almost at once it commended itself to him. He took up his office with an energetic purpose, and this, among other primary schemes of reform and improvement, suggested itself as a bold and even brilliant one. It seemed, too, that the time had at last arrived when it *could* be carried out with safety and security. For as times and men change, so do the chances of success and failure. There was little delay. Appeals for aid were made to many persons with very encouraging results, and on June 29, 1895, the first stone was laid by the Cardinal himself. It was a brilliant and imposing ceremony, and having the aspect of some great public event in Victoria Street and the adjoining district. It took about a year to lay the almost Cyclopean foundations, and the building itself was begun with the opening of the new year 1897. It has therefore been some four or five years in hand, and the progress has been astonishingly rapid. It is now commanding in its massiveness

and externally complete, thus verifying the provisions of its architect,* who declared that the shell at least could be completed within a very few years. This rapid progress contrasts with the amazing sluggishness with which our public buildings are pushed on. The Law Courts were over twenty years in building. But what would the brilliant and eccentric Pugin have said to this up-to-date "running up" of the cathedral? His theory was that cathedrals should be built, and always were built, by successive generations, each contributing a section, within a hundred years or so.

In his address on the Lent of 1893 the Cardinal took occasion to suggest a scheme of "Free Church Libraries," the advantages of which were pointed by the case of St. Joseph's Library near Farm Street, which contains some ten thousand spiritual works in constant use. He was anxious that these useful institutes should be established in every district, and to be connected with the church of each mission. In January of the same year he directed a rather novel and interesting measure, the taking of a religious census, or *Liber Status Animarum*, in the diocese, thus applying an injunction of St. Charles Borromeo, and also appealing to the orders of the Westminster Councils. The visitation

* See Appendix for a full account of the various operations for carrying out the scheme.

returns, it seems, afforded some sort of basis for making a calculation. By some the Catholic population was computed at 200,000, by other schedules at 156,000, reckoning by the baptisms (twenty-two being the multiplier). The difficulties of making this census may be conceived. The priest of the parish could enlist the aid of his flock, but the process entailed visiting common lodging-houses, exploring courts and alleys, with the unpleasant attendant duties of inquiring who was Catholic, an inquiry often repelled with insult. After all, even this system must have brought imperfect results, as so much depended on the energy and goodwill of the individual.

Another measure was a direction to his clergy for the Lent of 1894, to have a mission in every church, which was accordingly held. This was a revival of an old and useful practice. Another of his great plans, which has been very near to his heart, was the raising of the moral temperament of the lower classes, by encouraging harmless amusements, and exciting their interest in matters unconnected with the public-house and degrading entertainments. There was something attractive and novel in this idea.

This movement for this social union drew to the East End persons of condition and rank, whose plan it was to take a house in some distressful or

semi-civilised district, and hither a number of ladies came to reside for periods long or short. They would gather about them the wild beings of the district, such as the flower-girls, etc., talk to them, and strive to interest them in better things. Pleasant entertainments, concerts, singing, shows, etc., are got up for their amusement. It is believed that in this way some refining will be effected, and no doubt it will be to a certain extent. But the element of permanence, I always fear, is not to be looked for, nor is restraint, which is the difficulty with the poor. The public-house or a glass of whiskey is likely to overthrow in an instant the good resolutions of a year. Among this description of girls there is a certain recklessness which makes all attempts at improvement or reform precarious enough. But we may hope for the best.

In June, 1896, after a course of usefulness that had run for fifty years, it was found expedient to make some changes in the constitution of the Catholic School Committee with a view of enlarging its basis and making it more productive in its fruits. Hitherto each Bishop had nominated three members, two laymen and a priest. It was now proposed to introduce the principle of election, and the eleven diocesan school associations were instead to choose three members and present them to the Bishop. Each Bishop was to nominate another

member, and the Board of Bishops was to name ten laymen. It was hoped by this means that the larger experience of the managers of schools would lead them to select more experienced and efficient persons, though without losing the ultimate episcopal control. Opportunity was taken in the letter announcing this change, to review the excellent work of the Committee. During the fifty years, it had managed and maintained with some government aid four training colleges which had turned out 874 male and 2,489 female teachers. The money that had passed through their hands amounted to some £300,000. In 1849 there were 89 schools under Government inspection; in 1896 there were 1,000! In 1849 there were 8,445 children, now there are 295,084. With this remarkable increase it was a strange thing that for the last few years the subscriptions had begun to diminish. Twenty years before it was close on £5,000 in the year, but in 1897 it had shrunk to £2,534. And yet one penny per head from each Catholic, it was computed, would furnish £5,000 a year, which would suffice.*

* Some further interesting figures are supplied in this appeal. In 1897 the Government Grant earned was £391,176, and the total amount received from the beginning reached to over five millions. Between 1863 and 1896 the Catholics had subscribed for their schools £1,520,000, and had spent in buildings £850,000. This only was on Government-inspected

Cardinal Vaughan must have found a special satisfaction in the month of January, 1897, when he invited the faithful to contribute handsomely to the African missions, an universal appeal made in pursuance of the direction of His Holiness. The Cardinal, who was the original promoter of the College for Missions at Mill Hill, had only two years before sent forth four young priests to Africa with Bishop Hanlon of Uganda, who were later followed by seven others. They have had already much success in converting the natives, and had close on 5,000 catechumens under instruction. Uganda offers the fairest promise of all the Central African possessions, as the people are docile, intelligent, and eager to welcome the Catholic faith. But it is a costly mission, owing to the hundreds of porters from the coast who have to carry the various burdens. Here the Propaganda has come to their assistance. The Cardinal, as was to be expected, made an eloquent appeal for this favourite enterprise, taking also a large and generous view of the opportunities now opening for spreading the faith. He spoke of "the great national and racial forces that are gathering together, and are not un-

schools, but there was another million laid out on uninspected schools. The total outlay was about £4,370,000, and if the school pence (some £1,480,000) be added, it will be found the amount is much larger than what has been received in grants.

likely to dominate the future of the far East, and on the Asiatic and African continents. That the English-speaking races should be drawing together in amity, in view of common interests, is a fact of significance. That North America should break the limits that have hitherto held her population within the broad area of the United States, is a fact as full as a mustard seed of meal, life, and energy. Wherever British and American influence prevails we hope that law and order with perfect liberty for the Church will be assured for all. This is, indeed, not the gospel, and it has no power to confer eternal life, but it is the condition which the spiritual husbandman most desires."

This is a truly sagacious view. Equally sensible and far-seeing as a forecast of religious politics is the following: "We are under need of spiritual obligations. To boast that the British Empire has grown to be the greatest in extent that the world has ever seen is folly. Our part is to shoulder our obligations and discharge our duty. England has fulfilled the desire of the Pope, by conquering the slave raider, breaking off the chains from the limbs of men, women, and children, by crushing the tyrant, proclaiming human liberty, and giving peace and security to the immense population of the Sudan. As God has raised up the great fabric of the Roman Empire, in order to promote the spread

of the Catholic religion, so may Divine providence bend the empire to the service of the gospel even in the darkest and most unpromising regions of the earth."

The autumn of the year 1897 was marked by an interesting festivity, carried through in a highly effective manner. It was determined to celebrate the landing of St. Augustine on the Kentish coast. It was characteristic of the times that dignitaries of the Established Church should also have taken cognisance of the event; it became a matter of national importance in which all had an interest. There were some attempts to claim the Saint as a thorough Protestant of "the purer times" of the Church, but after a little good-humoured discussion the thing was given up. Ebbsfleet on the coast was the site of the landing as nearly as it could be ascertained, and a flood of antiquarian discussion was let loose in pulpits and books and treatises. The Saint and his work were dealt with copiously in the public papers, so that every one became familiar with what had hitherto been rather a dark subject, "landed in Britain" being about as much as the average person knew.

On September 14th the gala began. The Catholic Truth Society was associated with it, and acted, as it were, as hosts. Two heavily-laden trains brought

down an immense party, Cardinals, Bishops, religious orders, etc., who formed a long procession that wound along the cliff. Cardinal Perraud of Auteuil, a distinguished French Prelate, took part in the celebration; speeches were made in French and English. Much interest was taken in the matter by those of the outer world, and thousands of the natives and country folk looked on with eager curiosity. By this time, however, the spectacle of monks and Bishops in their dress walking along the high road had no novelty, and seemed correct enough. There was a tent holding sixteen hundred people where Mass was celebrated. On the next day the whole *cortège*, the foreign guests and others, repaired to Canterbury to see the cathedral, perhaps the one thing in England which has a fascination for the pious Frenchman who looks upon the Saint's tomb as a shrine of special attraction. This, in part, may be owing to the romantic story associated with it.* Here Dean Farrar and his Canons welcomed them, showed them over the cathedral, explaining all that was of interest.

Occasion was taken to revive interest in Father

* French ecclesiastical antiquaries are specially interested in the cathedral. As it is conveniently situated in regard to the French shore, expeditions are often made. I recall a party of about a hundred strong, headed by a Bishop with a sprinkling of learned men, visiting the place.

Spencer's old effort for "the conversion of England" by forming a society for the purpose. The centre of the association was placed at St. Sulpice in Paris. In this year of 1897 there had been held a commemoration of St. Augustine's consecration, where there was a great gathering of Cardinals and Archbishops, followed by other *fêtes* at St. Sulpice. On the 17th of October, the Feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the English were fully represented by the Cardinal Archbishop, Bishops, heads of Orders, deputations, etc. The heads of the Church in France issued Pastorals inviting prayers for the conversion of England, and urging the adoption of a league of prayer. England, "the dowry of Mary," the old and poetical title, is a phrase that has now been happily revived. St. Sulpice has long been associated with this work, and so far back as 1838 the Archbishop of Paris proposed that all priests should offer prayer there on Thursday for the conversion of England. Now the second Saturday in every month is set apart for a Mass at Notre Dame des Victoires, while Cardinal Perraud, who has been zealous and enthusiastic in his work, has fixed the third Saturday in each month at Paray le Monial for the same object. The interest in this movement, which was enthusiastic enough at the time, seems to have somewhat died away. The truth is there are so many pious aims and devotions

before the faithful that it becomes difficult to distribute the attention.*

Nothing indeed is more extraordinary or more favourable than the position of the Catholic Church and its doctrine in England at this moment. It is received and cordially accepted. There is even an amount of favour extended towards it almost beyond what is shown to other sects. It seems to be thought an interesting, almost dramatic, institution. Its services are recognised as part of the regular official routine. It is a common thing enough to see Royal personages, with their suites patiently sitting out long offices for the dead, or attending marriages at our great Catholic Churches. Catholic processions pass through the more retired streets of London, where banners and crosses are carried, surplices and vestments are worn, vast crowds lining the pathways and looking on with interest and curiosity. A year or two ago we find Dr.

* The devotional exercises at the end of Mass have so accumulated that there is not space to attend to all. One must lament that in this press the good old custom of saying a "De Profundis" for the dead has been almost completely sacrificed—a serious thing. I know of but one or two chapels where it is retained—one the church in Cadogan Place. Perhaps the average Protestant is not aware that on Sundays, at the end of Mass, in nearly every church in the diocese, the "Dominum Salvum fac" is sung, followed by a solemn prayer for the Sovereign, the congregation remaining standing.

Temple, the Archbishop, in his charge at Canterbury (October, 1898) speaking casually of "the Blessed Virgin." This, coming from the head of the English Church and from so practical and robust a character, seemed significant enough. The tardy reparation to Our Lady is most welcome, and will surely win her favour if not a blessing. Again, there was a time within living memory when the "Three Hours' Agony," as it was called, was thought among Catholics to be a somewhat exceptional devotion, and was confined to the Jesuit Churches. But who could have dreamed of such a thing as that, in the year of grace 1899, it should have been performed at the three great cathedrals—at St. Paul's, at Westminster, and at Southwark! One may indeed be grateful when one thinks how even such an imperfect manifestation *must* help to spread through the country, in a very solemn and serious way, a deeper sense and compassionate feeling for the Passion of our Saviour. Further, once the cathedrals have taken the lead, all the important churches will not be slow to follow, and indeed are following rapidly. The curious thing is that there is no surprise or vituperation—the thing is accepted as of perfect propriety and as consistent with Protestantism. And yet the principle can hardly be construed in any way save as something altogether Catholic and leavening all it touches with Catholicity.

One might suggest that the true cause of this prevalence of Catholic thought, doctrine, and sympathies through the land is owing to the growing recognition in every direction of the great truth of the Real Presence, which, where not formally admitted, is at least indicated or suggested. This recognition, imperfect as it is in many instances, is gradually making the doctrine familiar, and all the excited discussions as to "reservation," preparatory fastings, incense, and the rest are strengthening it every hour. The interior arrangement of churches and the symbols used all tend to the same direction. Thus we constantly find "side-altars" where the sacrament is administered, or may be "reserved" in some fashion, and which indirectly shadow forth something of what is found in the Catholic churches. It certainly denotes an increase of reverence and a special devotion.

Apart from these influences there is one striking change—the curiously sympathetic way in which Catholic matters are spoken of. Persons who have been abroad talk with as much respect as familiarity of long-established Catholic institutions as matters that are interesting and important. A revelation in this way I really believe was the Ammergau sacred play, which, though conceived in the most Catholic spirit, quite captured Protestant feeling. I have heard myself one of the most arrogant of

men, whom the sight of cross or candle put in a rage, declare that he could see nothing in the Ammergau representation that jarred on his feelings, and that he accepted it as a thoroughly genuine thing. The cultivated Protestant mind now enters with exceeding interest into all Catholic institutions and devices—it takes the trouble to study what the meaning or intention is, and that found, understanding follows. This is different from the times when everything of the religion was pronounced to be imposture, and that nothing Catholic was what it affected to be.

One of the most pleasing incidents of recent years, and one that seems almost a landmark in the social relations of Catholic and Protestant, was the general feeling of sympathy and even grief evoked by the death of Father Perry the Jesuit. This worthy ecclesiastic, whose scientific attainments were of the first order, had a career that was almost romantic, and certainly exceptional; for it was that of a priest noted for his piety and labours, not merely winning a public reputation for scientific ability, but for his amiable and winning character, which gained him the affection of all his fellow-labourers. The presence of so exceptional a character had far-reaching results; for the idea of a priest and a Jesuit thus gifted, who was good and without guile, was taken as a surprise and a novelty, and

did a vast deal to remove prejudice. It seemed a *lusus naturæ* and set folk a-thinking.

In the charming old English garden at Stonyhurst, with its dark walks and yew hedges, antique sun-dial, circular pond, and leaden statue of Regulus, is a small observatory, not without architectural merit, which has been at work for over sixty years. It is well fitted with fine instruments, and has been long held to be one of the recognised seats of observation. Here are made magnetic, as well as "seismic," observations, all watched for and taken with a laborious regularity. Father Perry was in charge of this establishment, and soon made a reputation for his successful theories, speculations, and papers in the scientific organs. He became known to the leading scientific men, was a member of the Astronomical Society, and before his death received the "Blue Ribbon" of science—admission to the Royal Society. There can be no doubt that he was far above the standard of the average candidate. In great demand as a lecturer from his lucid style of explaining scientific facts, he held vast audiences in places like Liverpool, where crowds of all creeds attended. He was certainly an animated, eager person, full of enthusiasm for what he set forth, and this warmth attracted; yet it is characteristic of the Society that in the full flush of his success

he was recalled to the homely duties of teaching, and set to instruct the little boys of the very lowest class. This lowly occupation he accepted cheerfully and brought to it the same zeal. Indeed he used to say it was the happiest period of his course; yet one might speculate whether, long after, when he was dying in the swamps of Cayenne, it might not have occurred to him that it would have been as well to have foregone the fascination of science, despite expeditions and the like, and have subsided into the common humdrum academical life.

Presently came the offer to go on a Government expedition. He was sent out on several of these astronomical excursions. First to Kerguelen Island in the South Pacific in 1874, to observe the transit of Venus. Of this he was appointed director. In 1882 there was another to Madagascar, of which also he was the head. In 1887 he went on one to Russia, which failed in its results owing to the clouds. In 1886 he was at the Windward Islands. Finally he set forth on his last excursion in 1889, to observe the eclipse at the Isles on the West Coast, a group belonging to the French, some miles from Cayenne, and one of which, "Devil Island," has lately become notorious as the place of imprisonment of the unhappy Dreyfus.

The island where his observations were to be

made was an unsanitary, pestilential spot, and almost on landing Father Perry became affected by the fever. His anxiety for the success of the operation made him refuse to adopt the Captain's suggestion that he should return to the ship every night. On the day of the momentous observation the poor astronomer was seriously ill, and could scarcely totter to the place, but gallantly struggled through the whole, and was gratified by a complete success. He returned to the ship, but grew rapidly worse, received the news of his approaching dissolution cheerfully, and made a most devout end.

Nothing could be more touching than the kindness shown him by the officers and the sailors with whom he was. These honest fellows loved devotion to duty, and they were gained by his unaffected, straightforward ways. On the evening of his death one of the men came to his companion, being deputed to say "how much cut up" the men of the lower deck were by his loss. It was the same with all the eminent astronomers, Sir Norman Lockyer, Professor Glaisher, and others, who not only liked the man but found his assistance, from his scrupulous accuracy and absence of all wish to "show off," or make much of his discoveries, of the most valuable kind.

There was a sagacious remark made by the President of the Brussels Scientific Society which

is deeply significant, as to Father Perry's relations to his countrymen. He could admire, he said, the devotion of men "who, called to the highest of all vocations, the care of souls, devote themselves, as if out of their superabundance, to the culture of science." A happy description. But he was most inclined to admire "that great Protestant England, *which, laying aside prejudices to which Catholic countries blush not to offer sacrifice*, appoints Jesuits as the organisers of these great astronomical undertakings." How true is this. Our honest public, where it sees real worth and capacity, never lets religious prejudice stand in the way. They cannot resist the appeal to fair play, and are glad to receive and welcome one who does his duty thoroughly. Something of the same kind of recognition was extended to Bishop Brindle, after his labours in the Sudan, and, I believe, had the Chaplaincy-General of the British Army become vacant at the time, and Dr. Brindle been appointed to it, there would have been a general chorus of approbation.

CHAPTER III

RITUALISM, OR FAITH IN CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

THESE latter days of revival have brought with them a valuable recognition—valuable because giving unconscious testimony to an old Catholic practice long since set aside as being antagonistic to modern ideas. It had long been made a reproach that the Church encouraged the multiplication of holidays, or “Saint’s Days,” particularly in foreign countries, thus fostering idleness and lazy habits. In this great industrial nation the pressure was so strong that after Emancipation many of the old festivals where there was obligation to abstain from “servile work” were formally abolished. But, marvel of marvels, there has been a gradual restoration of days of rest, with an almost positive *constraint* to cease from “servile work,” on economic, though not on religious grounds. Few think to what an extent this relaxation has been carried in the shape of “Saturday half-holidays,” early closing on Thursdays

and other days, Labour days, and Bank Holidays. These when added together make up an amazing amount of idle days.*

In considering the Catholic revival, it would be impossible to leave out of view one great movement which has been working to the present hour, and has, while wholly changing the character of the Church of England, also favoured the growth of Catholic interests. This important movement was once known and generally spoken of as Tractarianism—a name long since disused and forgotten: and which has given place to the now familiar Ritualism, “High Church,” or Anglican Revival. Nothing is more interesting, or more deserving of study.

The Ritualist developments of these later times would fill the older moderate Tractarians or “Puseyites” with wonder and perhaps consternation. How strange, by the way, seems that familiar nickname, once in everybody’s mouth! As we contrast the proceedings of the reformers of fifty years ago with to-day’s Ritualism we may

* Here is an enumeration of these Holidays—fifty-two Sundays; four Bank Holidays (virtually twelve, as the workmen usually spend a couple of days recovering from their revels); fifty-two half-holidays on Saturdays, equal to twenty-six days; in many quarters a portion of the Thursdays, say twenty days—making in all, nearly one hundred days of rest.

rub our eyes indeed. Wherever we turn our eyes we see present rites and souvenirs of the old faith: Bishops in mitres and carrying croziers; candles, crosses, and altars in St. Paul's; a statue of the Blessed Virgin at the door of the Abbey; the sacrament carried in procession and "reserved," with "censer," copes, and stoles and birettas; adoration of the cross; the pall laid on Mr. Gladstone's coffin in Westminster Abbey displaying the inscription in large letters—"Requiescat in pace";—side chapels and altars regularly provided in the newer churches. All these wondrous things pass with little comment in spite of stout Protestant agitators who seem to make but little way. And yet it would almost appear that the old Puseyite or Tractarian was higher and more conscientious in his efforts. He taught the truth of doctrine more than mere ornamental frillings, and this is shown by the numbers of remarkable men who made the passage through doubt and difficulties, into the light. Now these doubts and difficulties seem to be assuaged, and the postulant seems to have ingeniously devised a new church within the old one—where he can remain and "enjoy" his Catholic proclivities without the trouble and danger of stormy passage. These methods of compromise seem less heroic.

It is indeed gratifying to see Our Lady's

well-carved statue planted at the great transept entrance to the abbey—not in a niche aloft, with other ornamental figures, but given the post of honour at the gate, a few feet from the ground and almost the size of life. Every visitor, tourist and worshipper must see and pass her by. There was a faint, feeble protest at first, but the statue is now accepted. At St. Paul's, as I have mentioned, there is a striking series of "graven images" on the Reredos—the scene of the crucifixion, with the attendant Mary, carved in bold style. It is virtually a crucifix, but not detached from the background. Above, and equally conspicuous, are the Blessed Virgin and Child. By this rather colourless device the strict rules were eluded. But presently the Protestant feelings were roused. An appeal was made to the then Bishop of London—that rock of good sense, Dr. Temple. He held that the representation was legal. According to law his decision was final on his giving sufficient reasons. But by an ingenious device it was contrived to bring a sort of appeal before Lord Coleridge on the ground that no reasons had been given, or only such as were of a flimsy sort. On these grounds the Chief Justice actually issued his mandamus to the Bishop requiring him to entertain the matter. On appeal, however, to the Lord Justices this decision was reversed and Dr. Temple's

maintained. And so the Reredos and its Catholic Testimony rises altar-like at the end of the great Cathedral, appealing to all beholders, to the country folk as well as the town-folk, and thus, too, is the country being de-Protestantised. It may be added that to have all in keeping the Dean and Canons display two great candles and candlesticks in front of this Reredos.

A further significant incident, which yet excited but little note, occurred early in 1900, when the Archbishops of the Established Church issued forms of prayer for those in the war. There can be no doubt that the frequent "Requiems" and prayers for the dead in Catholic churches, suggested the next step, which was to include those who had fallen in battle. The Archbishops were "willing to oblige," and it then came out that it was quite lawful, under certain conditions, to pray for the dead, which seems an extraordinary thing. Thus, piece by piece, is the whole substance of our Church being gradually adopted and annexed.

Nothing is more to be admired in the social life of this country than the profound interest taken in popular religious questions, which are debated with a genuine warmth of conviction in the daily papers by men of capacity and learning and of all sorts and conditions. Could anything be more absorbingly interesting than the late discussion

evoked by Sir William Harcourt on "Ritualistic Excesses?" That statesman, like Hogarth's man sawing across the sign on which he is sitting, while meaning to kindle a good Protestant flame, has done serious injury to his cause: for the vivacious controversy only brought out that there was general chaos abroad, and that the best, wisest, and most religious were daily suggesting this and that authority to settle the question, in the end finding that there was *no* authority that could be invoked. The only conclusion was that a new authority must be created, that is, there must be a second Reformation. Catholics as well as sincere Protestants must have followed the debate with an absorbing interest. But as I said we may congratulate ourselves on living in a country where religion is the prime topic, and one in which all are interested; in contrast to those disastrous countries across the Channel, where such a thing would be scoffed at and thought unworthy the attention of educated persons—suited only to women and children—or "Calotins."

In this connection it may be said that there are few more interesting and more absorbing spectacles than the watching the course of some conscientious soul slowly making its way with many a sore struggle from agonising doubt to certainty. This has been detailed in many confessions of exceeding interest. No one can have an idea of these

painful efforts, the desperate dragging away the very skin and nerves that attends such a process; the destruction of all that is most cherished; the tearing up by the roots of the most delicate fibres. And shall we not have the tenderest sympathy, as we look on—the most gracious indulgence? There should be no rude, hard logic, no rough forcing into a corner and announcement of the naked truth, which is clear enough to us, but not to them. It is surely one of the finest and most encouraging spectacles, particularly as we contrast it with our case, where belief comes by habit and custom, with ease, and without trouble or agony. But where every item has to be thus struggled and fought for, each step becomes precious, and a virtual conquest; but when it has to be won by sacrifices of fortune, position, affection, and all that makes life dear, how nobly supernatural and superhuman is the spectacle!

The truth is, conversions have become such ordinary and frequent incidents, particularly among the middle classes, that they no longer excite surprise or disgust, or much more than a mild opposition.*

* An industrious writer, Mr. Gorman, has compiled an elaborate account of those converted to the Church from the beginning of the Tractarian Movement to 1899:—446 clergymen; 417 members; 205 officers of the Army; 162 authors, poets, and journalists; 129 lawyers; 60 doctors; 39 Naval officers; 32 baronets; and 27 peers. Pursuing the analysis further we find

It may seem "fantastical" to say so, but it seems as though the emphasis laid by the Ritualist on ceremonial and the ordering of services had more or less influenced our own practice. In Catholic countries the ritual—say of the Mass—being so familiar to all and so habitual, is rather merged in the great act that is being performed, and leaves a general effect as of figures and colours on a piece of tapestry; but in England there is a marked contrast in the more deliberate, pointed way in which every incident of the ceremonial is dwelt upon. This may be traced either to the national character, or to the cause just mentioned. †

that 158 have been priests in the Orders, and 290 seculars. From Oxford have come some 445, from Cambridge 213. There is also that extraordinary compilation, called "Rome's Recruits," in which Mr. Gladstone, with that amazing power of appreciation which made him so interesting, took an interest, suggested that it be properly tabulated, etc. It had been calculated that since the Anglican Orders decision about a hundred of the clergy have joined the Catholic Church.

† Another wholesome note of the High Church party may be noted—their inculcating reverence for the marriage tie, and protest against the Divorce Court and its abuses. This, it has been truly said, is slowly sapping "the Family" to its foundation. Hence one must have a serious sympathy with the worthy and persevering "Father" Black, ever on the watch, who, by some secret agency and being well served by emissaries, gets wind of the business and attends the marriage of a divorced pair, to raise legal objection. This zealous man has already done service in rousing the public conscience and decent scruples.

It has often been noticed that the full stream of converts has in these days almost ceased to flow—not, at least, with the old and full volume. We no longer hear of the great intellects, of notable Borderland Divines, joining the Church after a long and troubled struggle with their old convictions. We must look back, by way of contrast, to the fierce, agitated earnestness displayed in the Gorham and Hampden controversies, when it was felt and was proved that enormous issues, reaching to the very salvation of the soul, were involved.

To the thoughtful Catholic nothing can be more interesting or far-reaching than the strange controversy now going on, where all the weak places of Anglicanism as a system are being brought out by the arguments, not of adversaries, but of its own sons. He might listen with curiosity and amazement as the two Archbishops expounded the doctrine of the Eucharist in an almost Catholic sense, putting their own special interpretation on the ordinance, to note how it came out unconsciously, that after all it was really something of an “open question.” With Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Sir W. Harcourts, and persons of all qualities and conditions, writing to the *Times*, this one conclusion was developed slowly and surely—that no one had the right to speak or interpret for others; that, in the Irish phrase, “One was as good as another and

better." Some fancied that they could logically call for statute law, and a compelling uniformity by Parliament; but then this enforcement, it was felt, would rend the Church in twain—would, in fact, make two or three new Churches. The conclusion will certainly be that it is better to go on in the old disorder—the Bishops to try by "suasion" and affectionate appeals to "cover up" the cracks and rents with such putty as they can safely apply. It is really an *impasse*. Meanwhile, as I said, the thoughtful Catholic looks on with wonder and sympathy, confident that this disorder must be doing its work among innumerable conscientious folk of the Establishment on whom it will presently dawn that what they seek—authoritative direction—is not to be found in the Church of England. It must be said, however, that the attitude of Catholics towards this movement at the present time is not the same as it was in the early days. We now look on at these struggles with sympathy certainly, but also with a feeling that we are not much concerned in the issues. This is no doubt owing to the assured position of our Church, which is now so flourishing as to be independent of such aid.

Though Mr. Wilfrid Ward says truly that the least hopeful sign in the present movement is the diminution of belief in Church authority, combined with an increased acceptance of Roman

doctrines and practices, and thus opens a very interesting speculation; for in the Puseyite times the struggle was to make the Roman doctrines fit with the existing Church of England authority—in short, to sustain that Church. Now the Ritualists are virtually in protest against their own Church. The reason, however, is clear enough. So advanced and numerous are the Catholic doctrines of late taken into the English Church that no ingenuity could reconcile them with authority whether lay or clerical.

These reflections will now lead us to consider one of the most interesting movements of the Ritualist crisis.

CHAPTER IV

POPE LEO XIII. AND THE "ANGLICAN ORDERS"

IN the course of these interesting controversies, there was presently to be witnessed the unusual incident of the interposition of the Head of the Catholic Church in person—an interposition actually invited, and received with favour. There was one remarkable utterance of his which had proved his English instincts and must have gained him much favour in the country, to wit, his letter to the Cardinals on the treatment of historical questions. In this he urged there should be no hiding of the truth in the interests of party or Church, that all facts, whether damaging or not, should be candidly set forth. Cardinal Manning was able to assure him that this declaration had made a deep impression, and had been much discussed. "Writing sincere history" was ever acceptable in England. He then suggested this thought: "As the Evangelist had not concealed

the fall and sin of Judas, so we should not cloak up the sins of bishops and other personages," with which the Pope agreed. It was an odd thing, however, that the Cardinal himself should be an early illustration of the rule, owing to his unsparing treatment by his biographer. Pope Leo also declared that he would invite eminent men from England for the purpose who were well skilled in history.

This kindly and amicable interest in the English people was shown by Pope Leo XIII. in a remarkable way, by no less than three very striking invitations or addresses in the course of a couple of years. It is hard not to believe that this unusual step must have borne some fruit.

Another of the tokens of this cordial feeling was the conferring of a degree by the University of Oxford on the well-known Librarian of the Vatican, the learned F. Ehrle, whose courtesy and aid to English scholars is well known. This honour was given with many compliments by the public orator, and the Italian priest was warmly received by the crowded assemblage. No remark was passed on the scene, nor was there any surprise expressed in the public journals. It was thought a simple matter of course—a thing that was right to be done and was done. Even Catholics scarcely noticed it, so accustomed have we become to this liberality.

It was astonishing how often the eyes of the

good Pope turned towards this country. He had never relaxed in his liking for the sturdy logic and enduring steadiness of the Englishman—qualities which he felt were so much earnest for conscientious belief, especially where contrasted with the frivolousness of Southern nations. Even if they hesitated, or drew back, their adherence would be only the more stable. We see him often stretching out his arms to the country, and, if reproving, doing so as indulgently as he could.

In 1897 His Holiness gave further practical shape to this interest in England by issuing "a Brief," whereby he established for the whole of Christendom an arch confraternity of prayer for the return of Great Britain to the Catholic Faith. It was curious that nearly fifty-five years before, in 1844, when he was Nuncio in Belgium, he had met Father Spencer and had promised him that he would obtain prayers for England. With this period too was associated another interesting incident which he is fond of recalling, viz., his visit to London and interview with Her Majesty. Considering the times this was a remarkable thing, and shows how consistently the aged Pontiff has been associated through his course with this country. "In ages to come," as Cardinal Vaughan happily has put it, "the memory of Leo XIII. will be lovingly and gratefully recorded in the pages of English history, as that of Gregory

the Great is to-day, for the labour and love which he has bestowed upon this nation. *Non Angli sed Angeli.*" It may be added that Pope Leo is a decidedly popular person in this country. All his proceedings are followed with extreme respect and sympathy. His sagacity and political instinct commands admiration in a country of politicians.

Under these impressions he took the unusual course of addressing the whole nation in an affectionate and paternal letter written on April 4, 1895, in which, without going into any detail, he set forth in simple style some admirable suggestions.*

* With most earnest wish to promote the reunion of Christendom, and to move the English people to pray and to work for this end, His Holiness first spoke of the love of the Roman Pontiffs for England from the time of St. Gregory, and of England's devotion to the Holy See until its falling away from the Catholic Faith in the sixteenth century. He then showed how the Popes and great servants of God had endeavoured by prayer to bring England back to its ancient faith; the conversions which had thereby been caused; and his hope of further manifestations of God's mercy towards this country—a hope which was strengthened by his seeing the many good works of England, its love of justice, its manifold charity, its public observance of the Lord's Day, and its reverence for the Holy Scriptures.

But our chief trust, as the Holy Father said, must be in the help of God, to be obtained by earnest prayer. Therefore, while praying for the union of all Christian nations in the Catholic faith, he looked with special love and hope to the English people, beseeching them to pray humbly and without ceasing that they might have light to know the truth in all its

And here is his remarkable letter on Unity :—

“The Church is *spiritual* in its object, and in its sources of sanctification ; but as to its members, and the means by which they obtain its spiritual gifts, it is external and *visible*. It is a body, the mystical body of Christ, of which He is the Head, visible in its members, and having a supernatural life ; and such it will remain till the end of time.

fulness. Above all, he appealed to the Catholics of England to pray for their fellow-countrymen and brethren with an earnest and loving charity ; and to make their prayers acceptable to God by a good and truly Christian life.

In praying to God with us, His Holiness implored also most earnestly the prayer of the Saints—of St. Gregory, St. Augustine, St. George, and all Patrons of England ; of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles ; and, above all, of our Blessed Lady, to whom our forefathers dedicated this kingdom under the title of *the Dowry of Mary*. To his letter he added the following prayer, granting 300 days' Indulgence to those who devoutly say it, and a Plenary Indulgence once a month to those who say it daily :—

“*Prayer to the Blessed Virgin for England.*”

“O Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and our most gentle Queen and Mother, look down in mercy upon England, Thy *Dowry*, and upon us all who greatly hope and trust in Thee. By Thee it was that Jesus, our Saviour and our hope, was given unto the world ; and He has given Thee to us that we might hope still more. Plead for us, Thy children, whom Thou didst receive and accept at the foot of the Cross, O sorrowful Mother ! Intercede for our separated brethren, that with us in the one true fold they may be united to the Chief Shepherd, the Vicar of Thy Son. Pray for us all, dear Mother, that by faith fruitful in good works we may all deserve to see and praise God, together with Thee, in our heavenly home. Amen.”

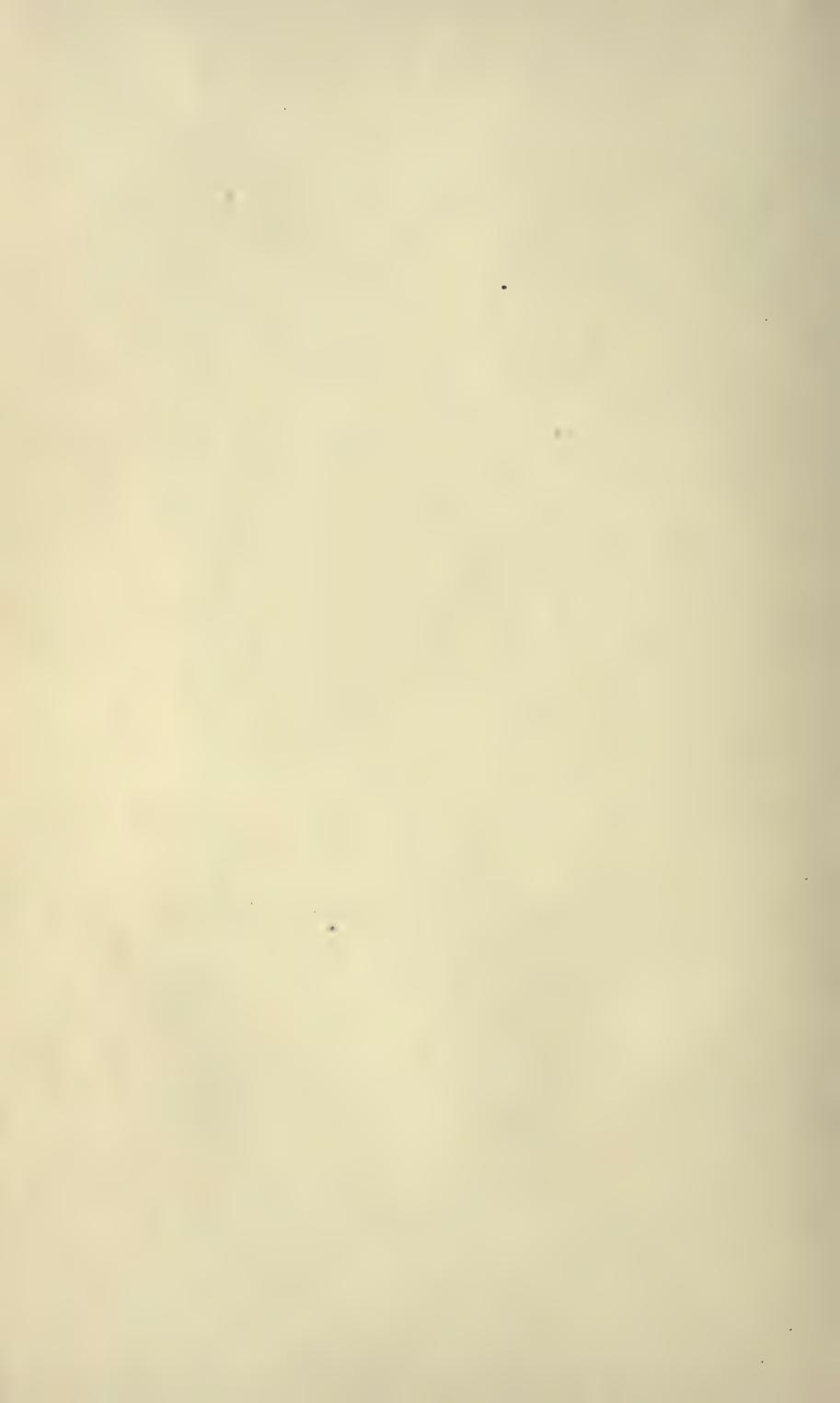
“That the Church is *one*, all Christians admit; the nature of its unity is to be determined by seeing what kind of unity it received from its Divine Founder. Christ did not institute a Church that should comprise several communities, similar in kind, yet distinct one from another; but a Church absolutely one and indivisible, whose members should form one body, one society, one spiritual Kingdom: ‘I pray . . . that all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee’ (John xvii. 21).

“The first bond of this unity is *unity of faith*. For this the mere possession of the Scriptures would not have sufficed: for they do not contain the whole of Christ’s teaching; and if left to the human intellect alone, they would be liable to various interpretations leading to a variety of beliefs. Christ therefore gave to His Apostles an authority to teach, like unto His own (‘As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you’—John xx. 21), and this Apostolic mission was to continue to the end. For this reason, the teaching of the Apostles was perpetuated in their successors. So also was perpetuated the duty of accepting every portion of that teaching; and the Fathers of the Church were unanimous in regarding as outside the Church whoever should deviate from its teaching even in a single point.

“Further, Christ gave to the Church a *supreme authority* which all Christians were to obey, appointing St. Peter as His Vicar with transmission of St. Peter’s authority to the Roman Pontiffs. This authority is not a mere primacy of honour; it is a real spiritual jurisdiction, supreme and independent, extending over the whole Church.

“Next to the Roman Pontiff are the Bishops, an essential part of the Divine constitution of the Church, who, though not mere vicars of the Pontiff but ordinary pastors of their flocks, are both individually and collectively subject to him, and lose all right and power of governing if they secede from him.”

After this description of the Divine constitution of the Church, His Holiness most earnestly exhorts all who are not members thereof to enter into this one true Fold of Christ,





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reminding them that, unless they take the holy Catholic Church as their mother, they cannot be counted amongst the children of God.

It has been Cardinal Vaughan's happy lot to take part in one really exciting and important discussion which was the outcome of all the "ritualistic" feeling surging about him. A most striking incident in religious history it was, and must have given intense gratification to all who love faith and earnestness. I speak of the approach made by that important body, the English Church Union, representing the Catholic element in the Church of England, to our Church, with a view to union. The strong "forward" movement of the High Church party—its new and extraordinary vitality—a Church, it might be said, within a Church—the adoption of close familiarity with the real Catholic usages, doctrines, habits, etc., had now developed such a desire for closer contact—put forward, too, in so winning and amiable a fashion—that it was hard to resist it. Lord Halifax, the leader of the English Church Union, a most numerous and influential body—had fully persuaded himself and his friends that all was ripe for union with the old Church—the cry of "Corporate reunion" was once more raised, but now under very different circumstances. Over thirty years before, under Cardinal Wiseman's rule, similar approaches had

been made: and it is curious to contrast the different fashion in which they were now received. About two hundred dignitaries and divines then made the appeal, which was met with an amicable but firm rejection. There was indeed a half-pitying, tolerant tone, as if dealing with a youthful or even childish project, and it was disposed of mainly on the objection that these three Churches—the English, Eastern, and Catholic—were to join, with equal claims, whether *de facto* or *de jure*.

Here the demand was of a far more important kind, that the Anglican orders should be recognised—an old-standing controversy which had been raised again and again, only to be disposed of. Nothing was more interesting, or indeed surprising, than the fashion in which the matter was now dealt with.

A dramatic and interesting contribution to the account of this episode is to be found in the Life of Archbishop Benson recently published, in reading which one must admire Lord Halifax's passionate zeal, exhibited in a rather awkward situation. It was indeed an extraordinary dream. His ardour first prompted him to secure the Archbishop as an ally; but that wise ecclesiastic, while amiably anxious to gratify his friend, was too wary to commit himself to any positive support. He at once laid his finger on the weak place, which was that no one on either side had a commission to

speaking. Cardinal Rampolla, he pointed out, had supplied a sympathetic letter, but wrote merely in his own name. On the other side, Lord Halifax could speak or act only for an extreme section of the High Church party.

Dr. Benson seemed, on the whole, rather prejudiced against the Catholic religion, and particularly against Cardinal Manning, whom he appears to have disliked or distrusted.* He was a strong High Churchman, allowed himself to be photographed with mitre and crozier, wore a *soutane* and pectoral cross, as indeed so many Protestant Bishops now do. Lord Halifax, eager to secure his aid, brought the Abbé Portal, one of the French supporters of the project, to see him, and to discuss the matter. Nothing, however, was gained, as the Archbishop still pressed his point, that the whole was un-

* One pleasing story, however, he relates. They met at a garden party at Marlborough House, "when the Cardinal, who had been very ill, and looked so, congratulated me on my health. I said, 'Well, and this is my birthday; wish me many happy returns of it.' 'I do,' he said, 'with my whole heart. But how old are you?' I told him, when he said, 'But I am afraid you don't realise how much further on I am than you. To-morrow is *my* birthday.' So I said, 'What a happy touch. This evening the first vespers of your day are the second vespers of my birthday.' He told me he was 82, so he was of age the day after I was born. He said he was a sad Radical." I myself have heard Cardinal Manning speak of "my brother Benson."

accredited, and that the Pope had made no sign. Then Lord Halifax tried to get from him some sort of official letter.

An incident, which may be said to have opened the business, was the long interview with which the Holy Father favoured Lord Halifax,* and which was due to the good offices of Cardinal Vaughan. The ardent and conscientious nobleman set forth the strong points of his case, and was listened to with sympathy and cordiality, though the question was held to have been already decided and the principle of rejecting Anglican ordination had in practice been always acted upon. His Holiness went so far as to reopen it, or at least to decree that a new investigation of the point should take place before a Commission. The divines of the Ritualist party, learned men, had gone very deeply into the question, and believed that they had now a strong case, fortified by some new and telling facts, and these, it was thought advisable, should be fairly heard. The Commission was a really strong one, formed from different countries. The High Church party had their own instructed advocates in

* Lord Halifax is known to be a truly pious man given to devotional exercises and full of a generous zeal for religion. It is to be hoped that this good spirit will lead him further. It seems he had counted on a mixed Commission, in which both parties should be represented.

Rome, who kept the Commission *au courant* with the points of their case. The Commissioners were directed to "put all their views and arguments in writing and to communicate the same to one another : to make further investigation of what was thought worthy of notice or inquiry : to examine all known documents and search for new ones, for which purpose they were given access to all the papers and records of the Supreme Council or Holy Office, or to whatever had been put forward by learned persons up to the present." They were to have, as it were, as open a mind as possible.

By this important step, so unusual and even so opposed to the custom of the Church, His Holiness gave evidence of his interest in the English people and his almost tender consideration for the conscientious feeling that distinguished the Anglican body; for the matter had long been considered as distinctly settled. The question had been raised often in various shapes, and had always been met in the same way. As it is stated in the Bull itself, "the general Belief, confirmed by the Acts and practice of the Holy See, had long been that by the Bill of Ordination introduced in England under Edward VI., the Sacrament of Orders, as instituted by Christ, had lapsed, and with it the hierarchical succession."

Among the English members were two persons

of notable ability and learning—Dom Gasquet, well known to English historical students and readers for his researches on the Reformation period, and whose work on the monasteries may be said to have revolutionised all popular ideas and beliefs on the matter. Mr. Froude's ideal sketches of Henry VIII. may be now said to have "gone by the board." His learned coadjutor, Dr. Moyes, is also well known for his profound knowledge of the same period. Not the least merit of their somewhat dry-as-dust researches is that they are set out in a clear and lucid style without any of the cold dryness which marks that of Lingard. Their fairness and impartiality too is remarkable. Indeed, this is one of the notes of the Catholic controversy in our time, which is conducted in a deliberate and practical form that would astonish the vehement Dr. Milner. Personalities, ridicule, and vituperation have little chance nowadays.

In this Apostolic letter, it may be repeated, the Pope set forth that the general belief, confirmed by the practice of the Holy See, had long been that, by the rite of Ordination introduced in England under Edward VI., the Sacrament of Orders, as instituted by Christ, had lapsed, and with it the hierarchical succession; but that for some time, especially in late years, there had been a controversy on the subject, those in favour of the absolute or doubtful validity

of Orders so conferred being not only certain Anglicans, but also a few (chiefly non-English) Catholics. His Holiness, therefore, wishing to satisfy those who thought a re-examination opportune, and to remove all possibility of future doubt, had permitted such examination to take place.

For this purpose, a special Commission was appointed, of learned and able men of divergent views, who were charged to commit their arguments to writing, and, when in Rome, to communicate to one another what they had written; also to make further investigation and discussion of whatever was worth noting—to examine all known documents and to search for new ones, with full access to the records of the Supreme Council, or Holy Office, and to whatever had been put forth by learned men on either side to the present time. The Commission, thus prepared, met together in twelve sessions, with free discussion, under the presidency of a Cardinal; and the acts of their meetings, with all other documents, were then submitted for further study and discussion to the Cardinals of the Holy Office.

The matter of examination by the Commission and the Holy Office was, first, the solemn acts of the Holy See, beginning with the faculties and instructions given to Cardinal Pole, as Legate, in 1554; and then the practice, during more than three

centuries, of re-ordaining absolutely, even in Rome, those who had been ordained according to the Anglican Ordinal. Lastly, examination was made of the Ordinal itself as to its defect in the form of words used, especially in the Edwardine Ordinal (which was in use for more than a century); and as to its defect of intention to ordain priests, and to consecrate Bishops, in the Catholic sense. In accordance, therefore, with the unanimous decision, on September 13, 1896, an Apostolic letter was issued giving the decision, and declaring the Anglican Orders to be invalid. It was announced that Pope Leo XIII., confirming the decrees of his predecessors, has by this Pontifical Bull declared that Ordinations performed according to the Anglican rite have been, and are, null and void.

To those Anglicans who only acknowledge in their clergy a kind of ministerial office this judgment may be of little moment; but for those who have believed that they had in the Anglican Church the Real Presence, a true Priesthood with the power of offering sacrifice and forgiving sins, and a true Episcopate, it is one of the gravest importance. It was a sore disappointment for those whom the decree affected. The results, however, were extraordinary and of singular advantage to the Church. For a time nothing was so much talked of and discussed. It seemed as though the Pope had

in some fashion been sitting in judgment on the English Church and had given a decision which seriously affected it. A fresh and vehement discussion arose in the papers and journals, maintained by Bishops and divines of all kinds, during which there came about an almost comic inversion of the relations of the parties: for no topic was more persistently urged, than that His Holiness had failed in his insidious attempt to capture the English Church, and that once more the true Protestantism of the nation had rejected his advances! It was considered a victory. This spirit underlay the utterances of even the two Archbishops, who, wonderful to relate, actually addressed a sort of expostulation to their spiritual Brother of Rome, in which he was severely brought to task for what he had done. Yet, as was plain enough, all that had happened was that a body of clergymen had begged to be recognised as such by His Holiness, who could not see his way to comply with their wishes. What he affirmed was that their Orders were not the same as those of his Church.

Another piquant incident was the vigorous *riposte* made of a sudden by Cardinal Vaughan to the two Archbishops. He urged a point which had hardly been pressed, and which amounted briefly to this: That as the Reformers had of set purpose discarded the consecrating powers of the priest, there could be no community in the ordinations between those with

and those without this consecrating power. It was all but ludicrous to expect the Catholic Church to receive on the same footing as her own priests those who had not inherited and were devoid of consecrating power. Both Protestant and Catholic alike felt that this stroke had gone home.

A fresh surprise followed in an utterance of the two Archbishops, which took the shape of an address or Pastoral on the subject of the Eucharist, in which an amazing as well as novel doctrine was set out, which virtually amounted to the doctrine of consubstantiation. Astonishing to relate, this passed with but little notice and few protests ; no one seemed much to care, and still more, to understand, and the reflection was almost unavoidable that this crucial point was a sort of open question on which every true Protestant was entitled to decide.

The Kensit agitation came on later, chiefly dealing with Confession, incense, and other matters of ritual, all hotly debated in the papers and on the platforms. In short, everything seemed now thrown into "the melting pot." What the end will be is hard to forecast. But it is hardly fanciful to trace the entire upheaval and confusion to the "Orders" question, and the appeal to Rome.

As in all the cases where "Rome has spoken," the results are not immediately seen. But this plain and clear decision, which leaves no room for

ambiguity, will certainly have far-reaching effects on the case of Protestantism or Ritualism. It will work silently and effectually, not on the general mass, but on individual hearts, on those sincere characters who were led on by the *mirage* and uncertainty which beset this question. Now that all is clear they must reconsider their position. As I have said, no one seems to have noticed that the present Protestant agitation and excitement can be traced back to this pronouncement. The Ritualists, repelled where they hoped to be welcomed, have almost invited the gross assaults of Mr. Kensit and his fellows.

CHAPTER IV

SOCIAL INCIDENTS AND DISCUSSIONS

A VERY notable change occurred in 1894, which, though it was received almost as of course, had a great significance for Catholics. This was the appointment of that brilliant and gifted man, Lord Russell of Killowen, as Lord Chief Justice of England. This is believed to have been the first time since the days of James II. that a Catholic was so distinguished. It is believed that could Mr. Gladstone have contrived it, a still higher and more important post would have been given to him, namely the Chancellorship; but, naturally, the constitutional difficulties in the way were not easy to overcome; it required time and deliberation to educate the people to so revolutionary a stroke—it was not to be “rushed” in fact—and this element the great man, engrossed with other pressing matters, could not supply. The scheme came to nothing. To add to the force of the *coup* it was

supposed that Lord Ripon would have been sent as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, two changes which must have produced a serious agitation, and in which there was again a constitutional question involved. But if we contend, as Catholics may contend, that the State should be allied with religion, we cannot complain that the sovereign's Councillor and Deputy should be of the national religion and of the sovereign's religion.

Lord Russell was an interesting figure—a man of the world, much appreciated in “society,” fond of sport and games, an incomparable advocate, an unconventional judge, and most agreeable person. And he was loaded with honours of all kinds. For a Catholic to exhibit such exceptional merit was unusual, but it was to be wished that it had been to an English Catholic these honours had fallen. For Lord Russell was an Irishman, coming of the fine, half Scotch stock in the North.

Within the last few years there has been revived an antique, interesting custom. On the re-opening of the Law Courts in October the judges, headed by the Lord Chancellor, attend a service at Westminster Abbey, whilst the Bar sends a large contingent. The Catholic Bar some years ago conceived the idea of imitating this example, and began to attend what was called the “Red Mass,” and very appropriately at the Church of St. Anselm

which is at Lincoln's Inn Fields. There is usually a creditable muster, and the Mass might be attended by such eminent judges as Lord Russell, the Chief Justice, Judges Day and Mathew, Lord Llandaff—until lately an eminent Q.C.—Lord Brampton, late Sir Henry Hawkins, Q.C., Mr. Joseph Walton, M.P., and also Q.C., Judge Stonor, besides a number of barristers in good practice. This is rather a distinguished show, and with Inigo Jones's church for background, picturesque enough. The Fields themselves, happily untouched, are still one of the quaintest bits in London. There is an air of desolate old fashion over them which conduces to melancholy.*

* In reference to this opening of offices to Catholics, it may be interesting to look back for a little. The first English Catholic member, Lord Surrey, was elected for Horsham in his year of emancipation, and in 1834 the first Catholic sheriff of London, Mr. A. Raphael, was elected. The first Catholic judge in the United Kingdom was Sir Michael O'Loughlin, named Master of the Rolls in 1836. The first Catholic Lord Mayor was O'Connell, chosen for Dublin so lately as 1841. Not till 1863 was a Catholic judge appointed in England, when Sergeant Shee, M.P., was named to the Queen's Bench by Lord Campbell. In December, 1868, Mr. Justice O'Hagan was appointed the first Catholic Chancellor of Ireland. In 1871, after abolition of tests, the first Catholic took his M.A. degree at Oxford. Some sixty years since or so there were some curious experiments made in the way of finding seats in Ireland for English Catholics (Cawtholics they were called) by O'Connell and others. There was always a suspicion of "consideration"

Another striking incident was the election—the first time for centuries—of a Catholic to the high office of Lord Mayor of London. By an odd chance two occasions of this kind occurred within a short interval. On the first, Alderman de Keyser, a Belgian, and proprietor of a hotel at Blackfriars, was chosen. It was unlucky that this specimen of our religion should prove to have been one of the foreign liberal Catholics—Catholic rather in name ; for this gentleman, to the surprise even of his colleagues, proved the most supple of officials ; going to church, selecting a Protestant chaplain, in fact, conforming as much as possible to the status of a Protestant Lord Mayor.* The Mayoralty, indeed, was in no wise a success, and there was little gratitude expressed for the display of complaisance. But by and by came an opportunity for a more becoming representative of true principle, when the turn of Alderman John Stuart Knill arrived to “pass the

to be given for this—the expenses of the poorer candidate to be paid, etc. There was one awkward transaction in which a Mr. Raphael was introduced, and which O’Connell found it difficult to justify. Another of these imported candidates was Mr. Augustus Craven, husband of the gifted Frenchwoman.

* Lately travelling about in Holland, I wandered through a little “dead city” called Termonde, and, raising my eyes to a tablet affixed to a modest house, read that here was born that worthy citizen De Keyser, who had become Lord Mayor of London.

chair." This gentleman was known as a worthy "citizen of renown," an honourable and successful merchant, and a firm and ardent Catholic, conspicuous for his charities and good works. He was universally respected and popular. When, however, he was about to be chosen, there was some uneasiness displayed as to whether he would hold the scales fairly, or rather, would show too much favour to his own creed. Challenged on the matter, he refused to make any but the most general engagement, appealing to his own character as a guarantee that he would behave suitably. With due liberality this plea was received, and he was elected Lord Mayor, as it were, on his own terms, and he undertook that his Catholicity should not be obtruded in any way where his duties were concerned. After an interval he gave a banquet to the Catholic ecclesiastics and laymen at the Mansion House. Then for the first time within those classic walls was seen the reception of a Cardinal in full state, with lights, etc., clergy in their various degree, and all the show of the Church. The sheriffs were, I believe, the only Protestants present. In the speeches the health of the Pope and the Queen were given together—rather in the one speech. The whole "went off brilliantly," as it is called. But a storm arose, and a hot controversy, during which the Lord Mayor—as he might have expected

—was charged with departing from his word. He certainly vindicated himself from this accusation. Yet, as a suspicion of the very thing had been raised at his accession, it had been better not to have supplied material in aid of the vulgar prejudice that Catholics show a sort of *chicane*, where their religious instincts are concerned. There was, perhaps, too much of a flourish in the display. It might have been better to have given a banquet, to which all classes and creeds were invited to meet the Cardinal and other dignitaries, clerical and lay. However, the cloud soon passed by, and was forgotten. At his death there was a general testimony of regard for Sir J. Stuart Knill's sterling worth and his upright character. He was indeed an admirable type of the modern Catholic, a sturdy Englishman, and yet devoted to his Church.

A curious incident that occurred about this time shows how far the Catholic body had recovered from its old timorousness, and how tolerantly and complacently its self-assertion was accepted by the general public. At the Academy Exhibition was shown a mediæval picture of a saint, represented as a nude figure before an altar. This professed to be founded on some legend or tradition, and was the work of Sir E. Poynter, a well-known artist, and now President of the Royal Academy. This attracted little comment until it was known that

the work in question had been purchased under the Chantrey Bequest, and was to be enshrined in the large and growing collection then exhibited in the public galleries at South Kensington, and now transferred to the Tate Gallery at Millbank. This recognition was considered as an affront to the Catholic body, and an unbecoming outrage on their feelings and associations. Much stir was made. They deputed some of their own body to visit and report on the picture ; earnest appeals were made to the Head of the Royal Academy, the accomplished and popular Lord Leighton, as well as to other influential persons, but without any result. Gradually the agitation died away, and the matter was forgotten. The picture holds its place in the collection, and is passed by carelessly as a sort of "curio," and no one seems thereby inflamed either to hostility or to ridicule. It certainly seems that the Catholics were here somewhat needlessly sensitive, and forgot how far such a principle of censorship would carry them. Living as they did in a highly mixed community of which they were a very small fraction, they could hardly expect that such protests could be taken seriously. It is plain, too, that to lay down the principle that any picture, because it was not acceptable to a section of the community, or hurt its feelings and principles, was to be excluded, opened an almost ludicrous vista of

conflict. Once the precedent established, innumerable religious and historical incidents would have to be tabooed. Every sect would have its objection.*

An interesting point was raised by Father Gerard of "the Society," and which caused a good deal of discussion at the time. He had put forward a theory that the Gunpowder Plot was in effect "a put-up thing," contrived by Cecil and the Government to bring odium on the Catholics. This unexpected theory was set out with considerable ingenuity and much plausibility. It was certainly shown that there were many errors in the accounts given, and that the story of the prosecution was inconsistent in many ways. The case brought a doughty

* It was urged, however, that the subject was conceived in a gross spirit, and founded on what was untrue. The mere presenting of a holy personage under the conditions does not, in an artistic view, imply insult or ridicule; we need only recall the popular and pleasing legend of the Lady Godiva, which has always been a favourite subject with artists and highly interesting to the public. I must confess that the story, real or supposed, seems to me rather in keeping with the high ideals of fantastic or mediæval times, and is certainly not more extravagant than some of the strange things furnished by Gibbon in his notes, and drawn, with scrupulous accuracy, from Catholic chroniclers. Such is a temperate view of the question; and, even granting there was serious ground for protest, it had been wiser to have affected indifference, and to have passed the matter by as we do so many other things that are offensive to Catholic feeling. I saw it lately, and it did not strike me as anything very uncommon.

champion into the field, Professor Gardiner, who took some time to prepare what all expected would prove a crushing refutation. Strange to say, the reply seemed rather ineffective, and was more argumentative than abounding in new facts. People began to think there might be something in the matter. Still, I doubt if even Catholics cannot be brought to part with their old Gunpowder Plot on such airy conjectures. One answer to the speculation might be that it was hardly worth Cecil's while to take the trouble of concocting a plot, for the reason that the Catholics during this and other reigns always furnished plenty of genuine plots. The Governments, too, were not over nice as to the legality of their efforts, and if they desired to hunt down a body of suspected Papists, could find plenty of charges ready made and to their hand. The *Agent Provocateur* has been known in England.

And this suggests the reflection that none of the younger generation can have seen the regular Guy Fawkes *in propria persona* borne in his chair by a train of young ragamuffins, with his lantern, mask, etc. The reference to his co-religionists was usually made more pointed by means of a mitre or some other Catholic adornment. Now though "a guy" is a well-established, useful word, few of the mob knew anything of the redoubtable conspirators, and by and by the whole story will have died out. And

thus all these anti-Catholic reminders are fast disappearing. No one seems now to care about such, or kindred displays; and it is remarkable that all the attempts to "get up" fanatical ferments seem to fall quite flat, as though religious excitement were too trivial a thing to indulge in. We may wonder have the lower classes grown supremely indifferent to religious feelings and impressions, or would anything in the shape of a fresh "aggression" kindle their energies? It would seem as though it would not.

In this connection may be noted the quaint and interesting discussions that arose between Father Thurston, S.J., and Mr. Rider Haggard. There was something piquant as well as significant in this little joust between a Jesuit and one of the leading novelists of the day. It was about a "walled-up nun," which the latter had introduced with good dramatic effect into one of his stories, describing with particularity the truculent Abbess standing by, whose pardon had been sealed, and in advance, for the villainous act she was about to do. In this case, as in that of the obnoxious picture, it seems to me it would be impossible to control the acts of artists, and writers of fiction, or put a limit to the characters they introduce or to the actions these characters may do. It is enough to say that the treatment is not historical, but simply imagin-

ative. The story-teller may place his figures in any situation, or may invest them with any character or qualities that may seem good to him ; for he lives in the realms of fancy where he has unlimited sway, and can work even according to his caprices. It does not commit him or them to anything, nor is he bound to furnish proof. It is a different thing where he takes a historical figure and one that has lived. In the case of fanciful characters he can fairly plead that there was nothing to prevent their acting as he has made them act ; for no orthodox person could contend that it was impossible that a wicked nun addicted to " walling-up " other nuns could ever have existed or could be outside *rerum natura* : though it might be maintained that nuns that *had* lived could not have done it. In short the suggestion is a purely " Academic " one.

Forgotten perhaps now is a delusion of the time—the supposed apparition, as it might be called, of " Diana Vaughan." This name was found in many a newspaper, Protestant as well as Catholic, and drew about it a regular collection of literature and controversy. The idea was not undramatic ; a woman of the name had become affiliated to a sort of demoniac sect, and had got free from it. Thence grave revelations of dreadful rites ; some wrote in her favour, while others assailed her. The whole may have been intended as a sort of trap for the

credulous Catholic, who, it was assumed, would be eager to welcome any fables founded on demoniacal or diabolical possession. These subjects have a curious attraction and are certain to be "taken up" "pro or con." by persons who find a sort of piquancy in such things. For a long time we heard of the atrocities that were found in this "secret society," and many friends of my own were drawn into the discussion, such as F. Wyndham of the Oblates, and Mr. Charles Massey, who was on the side of the sceptics. It was a "red rag," for both parties; on the one side it was thought certain that freemasonry would go to any lengths, on the other that Romish cunning would invent legends of this kind to bring discredit on the enemy. However this may be, there came one day a startling surprise, when one Mr. Leo Taxil came on the scene and jauntily confessed that the whole—Diana Vaughan herself and her story—was no more than a fanciful device of his brain. It was, in fact, a huge "sell."

A rather striking and dramatic incident was the visit of a foreign Prelate to this country—a common thing enough—but here made interesting by the extraordinary picturesqueness, vivid eloquence, and marked character of the visitor. This was Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul's, an American. He had lately figured in a discussion on certain novel doctrines which he had favoured, but on the

disapproval of the Holy See being announced he at once submitted. In these American Prelates there is a certain vigour and animation, due to the new and stirring conditions under which they live. It seems wonderful to think that in so genuine a Republic as that of the United States a religious autocracy of so thorough a character should not merely be tolerated but enjoy high favour with the citizens. To see the Archbishop in a crowd—and he was found in many a crowd attracted by interest and curiosity—it was impossible to pass by that stately figure and massive half Italian, half Irish face. Every one was eager to see or to meet him. It was his preaching power that most stirred, kindled with a warmth, ardour and earnestness that are rarely heard in these cold climes. And this was not mere power and abundance of words or of imagination, but there was a wonderful originality in all he said. He delivered sermons at the Oratory, but his most striking effort was his address to the Catholic Union, in which with marvellous colour and feeling he set out the relations of the two great countries, and showed that it is not in republics merely, but in the English-speaking countries alone that true liberty of conscience is to be obtained. It looked as though the very growth and prosperity of these great Protestant States were to be the favouring elements and agencies for spreading our faith everywhere.

CHAPTER V

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS

ON the occasion of the "rededication of the country to St. Peter," Cardinal Vaughan gave a striking view of the religious conditions. "We look out," he said, "over the fair face of England and behold her teeming population, her trade, her commerce, her wealth! We are impressed by the extension of her influence and of her tongue, by her imperial sway over many races, her energy, her courage, her love of liberty, her practical ability, her even-handed justice between man and man, and other noble natural qualities. Not so praiseworthy, however, is her religious condition." The religious group, he finds, is bound together by no bond of unity or consistency, there are antagonistic sects "spreading, multiplying, and adding to the mental confusion and despair of the people." Of the lowest class, Mr. Charles Booth estimates that about one-third only attends any place of worship. The multitude of the

godless is increasing, not by accessions from the ranks of the ignorant and the abandoned only, but by adhesions from the educated, of whom many are throwing up every definite form of religion. "We may freely recognise the activities, and generous zeal displayed by numerous bands of religious men and women. They have the intelligence, the wealth, and good-will of the nation on their side. But have they kept pace with the population? Have they filled their churches and chapels? Can it be even that the profession and practice of Christianity spread commensurately with the spread of natural education? For myself, I will not believe of the mass of the people that their religious instincts are dead, their spiritual capacities for the doctrine of faith extinct. On the contrary, I believe that they are very earnest-minded and not without religious feeling even where they have been reared outside the pale of religion. This great mass of humanity, abandoned and disinherited as it has been, is somehow or other athirst after God. Witness the way they listen for a while to any one pretending to bring them a message. . . . If they tire of preachers and fall away, it is that they trust in no self-commissioned teacher. There is no human remedy for their utter desolation. Who then shall blame our appeal to heaven if in our grief we turn to the former Patrons of this land and beseech their prayers? . . .

The more the complex problem is studied, the deeper grows the conviction that the key of the situation now, as of old, lies in a frank acceptance of the divine mission bestowed on Peter by Jesus Christ."

These are sagacious, liberal, generous words, forcible, too, and persuasive. There, too, we recognise the friend and pupil of the large-minded Manning. And how novel is the feeling of listening to such language, addressed as much to the nation as to his own people, and as much in the interest of his nation as of that of the Catholics! He noted, moreover, that the claims of St. Peter have been more and more recognised, increasingly year by year in all classes of the community, by the highest and the lowest. And he adds this pleasing and encouraging picture of the excellent Ritualists: "that multitude of English men and women who are being marvellously drawn by God to profess doctrines which their fathers had been taught to denounce. Nothing is now dearer to them than the ancient name of Catholic, nothing more attractive than Catholic doctrines and practices, and as far as they may venture, they clothe themselves and their worship in the sacrificial and ceremonial robes of the Catholic liturgy. Their aspirations and yearnings after communion with the old religion of Catholic England are such as almost

to persuade them that they are already one with it." *

Nothing is more striking in these latter days than the stir and bustle and earnest ardour of our instructors in their efforts to bring their system of education up to the standards of the day. The Heads of Colleges and Convents meet in council, confer with Government Inspectors, negotiate reform, improve so as to bring themselves abreast with Protestants. We hear of "Secondary Education"; of "standards," diplomas, "the syndicate," and all the rest. In this spirit on the Feast of the Assumption, 1897, Cardinal Vaughan addressed a remarkable gathering of girls of the middle classes. They had all the advantages that come of convent teaching, but to maintain the competition it was necessary to supplement devotion and zeal by the best modern training. As the Cardinal put it: "We shall have either to rise to the level of the rising waters, or to sink beneath them and disappear." He would have them, therefore, "submit to the com-

* How extended was the devotion to St. Peter in the old days may be realised from the fact that there were no less than seventeen cathedrals and abbatial churches dedicated to the Saint. All the old records and histories teem with accounts of this homage in all manner of practical forms—pilgrimages, relics, holy pools, etc. The whole pastoral is full of this interesting information. It was delivered at the Oratory on June 29, 1893, preparatory to the rededication.

mon test of a public examination for a diploma of recognised value." The University of Cambridge has established a syndicate for giving such diplomas. Of course Catholic training schools for teachers—and there were seven in the country recognised by this syndicate—were the proper places for attaining to this high standard of education; but the syndicate thought it might be availed of for a time to fit them for the duties—and the nuns of the Holy Child, better known as the St. Leonard's Convent, were preparing themselves at the Cardinal's invitation—by study and securing the diplomas to open a regular college at Cavendish Square. These spirited and "forward" religious repaired to Cambridge and passed the necessary examination. All which activity promises well and is of the best omen for the future.

Towards the end of the year 1895—after the General Election—the advent of a strong and "Unionist" Conservative Government seemed to offer a good opportunity for pressing for some assistance to the denominational schools, which had been sorely "harried" under the late administration. The schools of the Established Church were virtually "in the same boat," and for a time, at least, the movement was a common one. The Bishops drew up a powerful appeal to Lord Salisbury, setting forth the hardships of their case. It asked that the

Elementary Schools should receive grants according to results, and that the rights of parents to send their children to their own religious schools should be recognised and have grants. The Cardinal appealed to a truth that could not be impeached—that the Board Schools on their introduction professed only to supplement voluntary schools, whereas now they are worked so as to extinguish them. “The voluntary contributions or ‘alms’ had now become a sign of religious disability, and are paid as a penalty for conscience’ sake.” This is most true. Briefly, then, they suggested as remedies a supplemental rate—that the lavish and intolerable expenditure of the School Boards should be controlled by the County Council. They pointed out that in the Board Schools the religious instruction is charged on public funds, whereas in the denominational ones the cost will be paid many times over by the voluntary contributions which save the country all the expenses of administration and building, etc., estimated up to date at the enormous sum of about £40,000,000. This was a strong case, and it will be noticed that the Catholic Bishops were speaking not only for themselves but for their Protestant brethren.

But then came a divergence—not unnaturally. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, approaching the Government, declared that they did not ask Government to relieve them of any of the pecuniary

sacrifices they had hitherto been making. They did not wish to reduce their subscriptions, and were willing that the aid sought should be given on condition of a certain amount of subscriptions. Here they and the Catholic Bishops "parted company," the latter declaring that this community was too poor to display such liberality. Even the Nonconformists declined to furnish means "to relieve the country from the legitimate consequences of a law which declared education to be at once compulsory and free."* But, however reasonable and equitable this pleading was, it came to nothing. It was not likely that a Government of which Mr. Chamberlain and his friends were members would consent to take so serious a step backwards.

Still anxious as to the large number of children known to have "leaked away" from the Church, the Cardinal now appointed a "strong committee" to examine into the matter thoroughly, and was able to trace the general "leakage" to the pressure of workhouses, police courts, Protestant benevolent societies, and also to destitution. The first cause, a constant source of anxiety and trouble to Cardinal

* The Bishops furnish some instructive figures as to School Board outlay. During twenty-five years a sum of £43,000,000 had been expended as against the £40,000,000 subscribed by the denominationalists, who thus had to pay for *both* systems. The School Board system cost £4 7s. 2½d. per child; that of the Voluntaryists, £1 8s. 3¼d.

Manning, had now all but disappeared, nearly sixty of the Metropolitan Unions now systematically restoring the Catholic children. They pay for maintaining them, while the Catholic authorities supply shelter, training, and accommodation at heavy charges. At the police courts it was the custom for a magistrate to hand over Catholic children to the Protestant missionary in attendance—that is, where there was no Catholic agency to receive them. It was found that magistrates as well as missionaries were all most eager to give up the children to their proper guardians. There were about 130 institutions, in which it was found that many Catholics were received. Their amount was calculated roughly at about 1,700. One manager frankly owned to having 200 under his care, but he was not permitted to admit the priest or other Catholic visitor. Many declared that they had no wish to proselytise, but in the default of Catholic asylums they could not refuse such children. As to the point of destitution, Mr. Charles Booth, the well-known philanthropist and investigator, declared that the amount of poverty may be calculated at 15 per cent. in Board Schools, $6\frac{1}{2}$ in Protestant voluntary schools, and in Catholic schools no less than $23\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.! In this sad state of things the Cardinal recommended the appointment of officers to attend the police courts; also increase of accommodation for at least 1,000

children, more "homes," refuges, and the like. In other words, more money, more labour and energy, and more individual exertion. Disastrous, however, as the state of things is, it still would have gladdened the heart of Cardinal Manning, from its contrast to what he had seen.*

Still, these institutions are sorely burdened, and with every year find it more difficult to struggle against the increasing charges. Perhaps the main

* "Boz," who had ever a feeling heart for the poor, and knew well how they ought to be approached, has given in "Bleak House" a vivid sketch of the false charity that leads "fussy" folk to invade the dwellings of the poor, to gratify their curiosity. "'Well, my friends,' said Mrs. Pardiggle, but her voice had not a friendly sound, I thought, 'how do you do, all of you? I am here again. I told you you couldn't tire me.' 'There ain't,' growled the man on the floor, 'any more on you to come in, is there?' 'No, my friend,' said Mrs. Pardiggle, seating herself on one stool and knocking down another, 'we are all here.' 'Because I thought there warn't enough of you, perhaps?' said the man. 'You can't tire me, my good people,' said Mrs. Pardiggle; 'I enjoy hard work.' 'Then make it easy for her,' said the man on the floor. 'I wants it done and over. I wants a end of these liberties took with my place. Now you're a-goin' to poll pry and question according to custom. Is my daughter a-washin'? Yes, she *is*. Look at the water. Smell it! That's wot we drinks. An't my place dirty? Yes, it is dirty, and we've had five dirty and unwholesome children, as is all dead infants, and so much the better for them and for us besides. Have I read the little book what you left? No, I an't. It's a book fit for a babby, and I'm not a babby. If you wos to leave me a doll, I shouldn't nuss it'" (chap. viii.).

cause of these burdens was the hard pressure of the Education Department requiring lavish improvements and alterations, a system applied, with many "turns of the screw," by Mr. Acland, fairly or unfairly suspected of a design thus to overpower and extinguish all schools but State ones.

In time, 1896, after a course of usefulness that had run for fifty years, it was found expedient to make some changes in the constitution of the Catholic School Committee, with a view of enlarging its basis and making it more productive in its fruits. Hitherto each Bishop had nominated three members, two laymen and a priest. It was now proposed to introduce the principle of election, and the eleven Diocesan School Associations were instead to choose three members and present them to the Bishop. Each Bishop was to nominate another member. The Board of Bishops were to name ten laymen. It was hoped by this means that the larger experience of the managers of schools would lead them to elect more experienced and efficient persons, though without losing the ultimate episcopal control.*

* In this place I may briefly mention a few of the most useful but unpretending works of the Diocese. An interesting ancient charitable institution for which the Cardinal made an appeal in 1881 was the Aged Poor Society, founded so far back as the year 1708, which had its 140 pensioners, who received 4s. and 3s. per week. Its income was about £1,200. Another

It may be doubted after all if there be much gain to the Church by discussions or explanations on the public platform. The person whose doubts and difficulties and prejudices of years are removed by a few words of explanation given from a platform must have but superficial knowledge of his own doctrines, and cannot accept them very seriously. The hurry of the moment, or imperfect knowledge of the speaker, may be the reason that not exactly the correct theological answer may be fur-

ancient Catholic body is the Benevolent Society for the Relief of the Aged and Infirm Poor, which dates from the year 1761. There are about 150 pensioners, among whom a sum of say £1,800 is yearly distributed. They have almshouses. A gratifying incident is the steady support of the merchants and bankers, who subscribe yearly about £500. From the year 1854 to the year 1874 the training school at Hammersmith sent out some 341 certificated masters. In the last-named year there were 54 students at the college, while at that of Notre Dame at Liverpool there were 120 female students.

In August, 1899, we find this number of uncertified and non-certified homes, including those chargeable to the Education Fund:—There were twenty-one certified institutions, such as reformatories, industrial homes, etc., in which were about 2,800 children; in the non-certified schools about 1,000. It must be said there seems some waste of resources here, as the expenses of administration in twenty-one homes is surely out of proportion to the small number of inmates. One would fancy that two or three large homes would suffice.

One of the most comprehensive and ambitious societies of the capital is the Westminster Diocesan Education Fund, which, for the work done on its slender resources, is really an

nished. Like Dr. Johnson, too, he may be sometimes compelled to "talk for victory." It would not answer for a public disputant, after challenging all comers, to be "cornered" by some ingenious person. It is forgotten, too, that the rational, well-grounded Protestant might have something more to say for himself. However this may be, we may note of a very vigorous and hard-working society—that of "Our Lady of Ransom"—whose task it is to open the eyes of the prejudiced and to encounter

astonishing undertaking. The Fund was established in 1866 "to provide the religious and secular education of the Catholic poor children in Westminster." Among the objects of the Fund were the maintaining reformatory, industrial and Poor Law schools, and orphanages for the individual care of orphan and of destitute children. It was founded with the idea of being a means of communication between the Bishops and the Government. "It conducted its correspondence," said the Cardinal, "with the Committee of Privy Council with great prudence and success," and the agreements made by it at that date continue as the basis of our relations with the Privy Council until now. Its annual meeting was always arranged to concord with that of the Bishops in London, so as to offer an opportunity of conference.

It may be mentioned here that in 1893 the Pope had shown his interest in the spiritual welfare of the land by earnestly pressing and exhorting the Bishops to place England and Wales under the immediate protection of the Blessed Virgin, and also under that of Saint Peter. This was solemnly done on June 29, 1893, and it was further decreed that this dedication and consecration should be renewed yearly in every church on Rosary Sunday and on that within the octave of June 29th.

“the man in the street.” The “Ransomers,” as they are called, hold meetings at towns, invite friendly discussion, answer questions, organise pilgrimages, and do much general service.

CHAPTER VI

CATHOLICS IN THE PROFESSIONS, CALLINGS—THE LATE QUEEN—THE DREYFUS CASE

ONE of the most piquant and also surprising changes in Catholic feeling, showing how it had come to identify itself with the public sentiment, was illustrated by the attitude assumed in reference to the notorious Dreyfus case in 1899. In France, as we know, and not in France only, it became an article of faith, or at least of orthodoxy, to presume the guilt of the unfortunate man and rage against him with a sort of frenzy. To believe in him and his innocence was for infidels and *libre penseurs* only. The Roman journals, the *Osservatore* and *Voce della Verita*, were conspicuous in this campaign—inspired, it was said, by “the *Curia*,” as it was called. The English Catholics, however, seem to have escaped the contagion, and expressed their sympathy and pity for the hapless prisoner, while the *Tablet*, with much courage, boldly encountered the Roman newspapers. A generation ago it would have seemed

like laying hands on the Ark to say a word disputing the views of the circle at Rome. The Roman organs deeply resented this attitude, which they considered disloyal. The English public raised a further issue, making it a matter of reproach that Pope Leo, who had expressed sympathy with the Jew officer, had not made some official declaration on the matter—an unreasonable thing, which he was certainly not called on to do. The business, however, was further developed when the Boer war broke out. The Roman and French journals, including the notorious *La Croix*, began to exult over the British reverses. Again was the patriotic spirit of the Catholic body roused, and remonstrances were addressed to the Holy See by the Duke of Norfolk and other leading Catholics, on the ground that the journals, being official organs of the Vatican, could be controlled by it.* The friendly feelings of the Pope towards this country were contrasted with these spiteful utterances. Again the *Tablet* was forward in the discussion.

The whole incident, as I said, was a rather sur-

* It was replied that the journals in question were official only as regards public notices and ecclesiastical announcements, but in other respects had a free hand. The question is a delicate one, and has often been raised. A journal may be an official organ so far as receiving *communiqués*, but a Government will hesitate as to *directing* a policy as regards a general topic.

prising one, but it has brought before us a conspicuous leader—always forward found wherever Catholic interests were involved, namely, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, a very capable man and an interesting personality. It may be truly said that he has never been found wanting whatever the occasion that called ; he was the centre round which all rallied. At first, and for some years, he lived in some seclusion, and contented himself with munificently supporting every church, school, or charity that was in need. But gradually he came to take interest in the general life, and was appointed Postmaster-General under the present administration, in which office he made quite a reputation by his business-like habits and untiring industry, gaining, moreover, the regards of those working under him by his fairness and consideration for their position. As we have seen, his straightforward and independent attitude during the attacks on his country by these Roman newspapers gained him further popularity. It came rather as a surprise to find him somewhat abruptly resigning his office and hurrying out “ to the front ” to take part in the war—it was believed, impelled by an overpowering sense of a duty to show to the world that he could support his words by deeds. An unlucky accident, however, compelled his early return.

Every Catholic society of importance, such as the

Catholic Union, has found in him a willing and steady co-operator. Nearly every Church, such as the Oratory, has had his aid in the shape of magnificent gifts. He has built churches himself on a grand scale. Not the least pleasing feature in his case is the popularity he enjoys in his own territory, notably in Sheffield, where he is one of the chief landowners, and where he has been mayor. For a time he worked on the London County Council. He is a Knight of the Garter and has a splendid position in the aristocratic hierarchy, being Earl Marshal of England and premier of the peerage. He is reputed to be a pleasantly good-humoured, sensible man, and has suffered in no way from the undue obsequiousness and homage with which a person in his position is likely to be attended. Recently, however, a slight cloud seemed to overcast this prosperous course, on the occasion of the address which he presented to Pope Leo on behalf of the Pilgrims of the Holy Year, owing to an allusion to the Italian Government and the question of the temporal power. It is astonishing that so trifling a matter should have excited such a tempest; for this is but a commonplace, as it were, in the Catholic programme, and periodically brought forward. In any case, the sentiment of a couple of hundred pilgrims could scarcely be considered of serious official value. We could conceive that any

demonstration that took the form of *action* might be objected to ; but here it seemed that the expression of a mere hope or aspiration that a person who had been deprived of his estates might one day recover them, was considered an affront and intolerable. The next step would be that no one was even to *think* such a thing.

Recently a rather remarkable personality has passed away—a great Scottish potentate—the Marquis of Bute—great in his vast possessions, commercial speculations, largesses, and studious ways. He was indeed “a dungeon of learning.” It was evidence of marked character that even when a youth he should have attracted the late Lord Beaconsfield, who could not resist drawing him in his leading society novel, “Lothair,” and who also added a companion sketch, “Monsignor Catesby,” supposed to be drawn from the luckless Monsignor Capel. It always seemed extraordinary that a politician of so commanding a position should have condescended to such a device, that very position lending a double emphasis to the sketches. Nowadays such personalities would scarcely be tolerated. In one passage the name Capel was actually used—owing, as it was cynically conveyed, to a misprint. Cold, full of an almost haughty reserve, intended as a mask for an overpowering shyness, Lord Bute was scarcely understood by his contemporaries. He

never seemed to gain sympathy or credit for his bounties, or, in spite of his efforts, to win the approval or rouse the interest of his countrymen.

He was a firm upholder of his faith, though there have been some odd proceedings of his which have given rise to speculation or perhaps surprise. Thus it seemed unusual, at the least, to find a Catholic acting as the rector of a Protestant university—St. Andrew's—and piquant certainly to hear the Lord Rector delivering a lecture on the Reformation, in which he engaged to deal with the subject with strictest impartiality, merely setting forth the logical view a Catholic must take of it. Yet another surprise was the issue by the firm of Blackwood of a full translation of the Roman Breviary—a new and interesting experiment. The translator, however, introduced all versions of the hymns that seemed to him the best, regardless of the religion of their authors; hence Church of England divines, Presbyterians and others are found together in odd concatenation. Catholic instinct somehow recoils from this method. No doubt a hymn of Keble's would have far more poetical merit than a version, say, from the "Garden of the Soul"; but it must lack the Catholic *tone* and spirit. Some other whimsies also engaged his thoughts. The disappearance of this great Thane suggests the reflection, how much less active a share the Catholic

laity and nobility are nowadays taking in the affairs of their Church. They seem now rather "lookers on"—perhaps the reason being that now the Church is so constituted that it is in no need of outside aid. The busy work of the professions, too, engross them. Still, the change must strike one, for we can remember when there was a regular band of clever and labouring champions always at their post. Of such was Lord Denbigh, the regular exponent and expounder of the various questions which arose in the House of Lords or elsewhere. Was there a meeting, these zealous men distributed the parts among themselves. One, however, is still, as ever, at his post—the zealous, useful, and generally admirable Marquis of Ripon—ever responsive to the call of duty. Who will forget the stir and hubbub that arose all over the kingdom some thirty years since on the news of his conversion? It is amazing now to read the angry tirades, the venomous leaders in the *Times* and other journals provoked by his exercise of an Englishman's right to hold or change his opinions. It may be said that now any duke or marquis taking the same steps would merely furnish "a par." to the papers.

What lent a piquancy to Lord Ripon's act was the fact that he held the high office of Grand Master of the Freemasons in England, which he then resigned. Like so many other ebullitions of the

kind, it was but a nine days' wonder. After an interval the whole incident passed out of view. Lord Ripon has since held many high State offices and enjoyed the warm friendship and support of Mr. Gladstone. He has ever shown a splendid devotion to the Church of his adoption; his aid has been constant and invaluable.

In proportion to their small number, the Catholics are handsomely represented in the peerage. They are twenty-six in number, and most of the names are associated with the history of the country, calling up many stirring and romantic recollections. Such are Norfolk, Newburgh, Mowbray and Stourton, Camoys, Petre, Arundell of Wardour, Dormer, Stafford, Clifford, Herries, Lovat, and Gerard. A detailed history of these noble houses would be a dramatic chronicle indeed. The names of Ripon, Gainsborough, Llandaff call up passages of political interest, that of Ashburnham, dilettanteism on a splendid scale, while those of Brampton and Llandaff suggest distinguished careers at the Bar.

The Baronets are thirty-four and the names are suggestive enough. Tichborne, Throckmorton, Blount, Bedinfield, Mostyn, Codrington, Lawson, Radcliffe, Vavasour, all belong to history.*

* There has been much speculation as to the number of Catholics in the kingdom. The results of the calculations have been very uncertain and inaccurate. But a certain

The death of the Queen, the Royal Lady so deeply mourned all the world over, stirred the hearts of her Catholic subjects after a fashion that was really unprecedented. The event was recognised in all churches and religious services, and was solemnly dealt with in the pulpits, with the affectionate sympathy that might have been looked for in the case of a Catholic sovereign. I saw one preacher moved to tears as he spoke of her and unable to proceed. Many of the churches were draped in black. The national flag was, by particular direction, displayed in the aisle. Dead marches were played, the departing congregation waiting, standing up, till the close. All this was very remarkable, and showed how deep was the respect and grief of the Catholics. A favourite and striking declaration in the sermons was, that in no other country, and under no other ruler did the Catholic enjoy such perfect liberty to follow the usages of his religion. Here no bishops or religious orders are harassed as they are in Catholic France and other countries.

Baumgarten has gone carefully into the matter, and has indeed arrived at a calculation of the number of Catholics in Europe, which he puts at 180,000,000 out of a population of 392,000,000. In England he fixes the number at 1,381,000 out of close on 32,000,000. Scotland has only some 400,000, and Ireland about 3,500,000. This makes a total of some 4,781,000 out of a total population of nigh 41,000,000.

The Cardinal issued a letter warmly eulogizing the virtues of the late Sovereign. During her illness the prayers of the congregations had been invited, but after her death certain reserves were made. The Cardinal pointed out that Masses could not be offered for her soul, which seems not unreasonable: as most Protestants renounce the Mass as superstitious, it could not be an acceptable proceeding. But there was nothing against any one heartily praying for her soul, and much praying there was, I have not the least doubt.*

On February 7th, however, Mgnr. Stanley sent a letter from Rome which cleared up the matter. It stated that the question had been submitted to the Holy Office, which decreed—First, that Catholics were not permitted to attend memorial services for Protestants. Second, that no such services were allowed in Catholic Churches for non-Catholics. Services for living sovereigns were permitted. It was added that the reports of the Requiem Masses reported to have been held at Cuba and other places were obscure and incomplete, and that if

* It was stated, however, that in Canada and at Santiago, there were Requiem Masses offered by special dispensation, and there arose a controversy as to the practice, some Catholics maintaining that the Cardinal might have done the same. My old friend "F. C. B." took his part in this. It all turned out to be a complete mistake.

any Bishop had ordered such it was *ultra vires*.*

The late Queen's religion, from her partiality for Scotch, was somewhat tinged with Presbyterianism; her sympathies at least seemed to lie that way. But this did not interfere with friendly toleration for Catholic opinions. Never should be forgotten her large and generous expressions during the anti-papal agitation. "I would never," she wrote to her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester, "have consented to anything which breathed a spirit of intolerance. Sincerely Protestant as I have always been, and always shall be, and indignant as I am at those who call themselves Protestants while they are in fact quite the contrary, I much regret the unchristian and intolerant spirit exhibited by many

* Another matter brought forward in anticipation of the coronation of the new Sovereign was the "Declaration" he was expected to make against transubstantiation as superstitious and idolatrous. It was objected, this was needlessly offensive, not to Catholics merely, but to the vast number of High Churchmen, Ritualists, etc., who now hold the doctrine. It becomes, therefore, directed against the Church of England itself. The objection might more properly come from His Majesty himself to whom it must seem an affront to have to declare that he spoke without any evasive equivocation or mental reservation whatever, and "the plain and ordinary sense of the words and without any dispensation from the Pope." The Prime Minister declined to touch the matter; but, after a protest from the Canadian Parliament, promised a Committee.

people at the public meetings. I cannot bear to hear the violent abuse of the Catholic religion, which is so painful and so cruel towards the many good and innocent Roman Catholics." This is an amiable feeling. Her friendship for the present Pope I have spoken of. It is known that Leo. XIII. has from the early days of her reign entertained an almost romantic admiration for her character, and when he was Nuncio at Brussels was introduced to her, later coming to London with the view of waiting on her. Her letter of congratulation to him on the occasion of his jubilee is gracefully phrased and full of kindly feeling.* She had no more devoted servant than Cardinal Manning, who describes his short interview with her at a garden party. She must have been deeply touched by his death-bed sympathy for the loss of her grandson, expressed with much feeling, only the day before his death.

A carping spirit, which lies in wait for any favourable opportunity of utterance, seemed certainly to warrant an important Letter not long ago issued by the Catholic Bishops on a subject not often treated in such documents—on the dangers of what

* In her early days, when she had a Catholic Lord-in-Waiting, Lord Fingall, his friends used to tell of her eagerness to release him on Sundays, so that he should have full time to devote to his religious duties.

is called "Liberalism" in religion. This referred to a too free criticism of the acts of those who govern the Church, when complaint is made that these rulers are behind the time—are "obscurantist," etc. Such criticism is healthy enough in other creeds, but is utterly opposed to the *principle* of our Church. At the same time one cannot deny that such a spirit is much abroad. The letter may have been prompted by uneasiness at the unexpected attitude assumed by the English Catholics in the Dreyfus matter, and which at Rome may have seemed a dangerous one. It may have had reference to the papers which Catholics often contribute to the *Contemporary* or *Nineteenth Century*. On these boards whatever a clever Catholic has to say about his religion receives hearty welcome. In such a selection, before such an audience, there is a great temptation to affect an independent tone. But I believe the real matter to which the Bishops' letter pointed was a serious and deplorable incident that occurred not long before—the shipwreck of a brilliant and distinguished man.

In this connection it may be urged that criticism, not of the Church, but of those who administer its detail and work, if offered in a sympathetic spirit and as much as possible privately, may be of service. Occasionally, it is likely enough, indiscreet acts are done. As we know, in England before the

Reformation and in France before the Revolution, the laity stood altogether aside, and abuses were allowed to increase without restraint or protest.*

Some time ago much sensation was caused by the intellectual revolt against his Church of that brilliant scientist, Professor Mivart, of the Royal Society. The more particular direction of his studies had been in natural history, and he had written some clever monographs on animals. With this pursuit he joined metaphysical studies, principally in opposition to Darwin's theories, and his "Genesis of Species" is believed to be a reply of some force. Some years ago his speculations began to take the form of asserting certain things which had been censured by the Church, or held to be inconsistent with its teachings. Many will recall the hubbub caused by his suggestion that there was "Happiness in Hell." There was something ingeniously novel as well as sensational in this notion which tickled the ears and eyes of the groundlings, and it was worked out with a certain plausibility. By the Church it was not at first taken seriously, and indeed one was astonished to find preachers

* There is a remarkable paper left by Cardinal Manning in which he very freely criticises the condition of his clergy; the defects of their preaching, their lack of study, ignorance of Scripture, and tendency to become what he termed "Mass Priests"—that is, merely contenting themselves with their routine duties (Purcell, ii. 772).

as indeed I once heard Father Clarke, S.J., gravely debating it in his pulpit and showing the unsoundness of such a theory, as though it were an academical question. In truth it was rank heresy, amounting to a refashioning of a doctrine of the Church, not to be refuted or discussed even. In the face of a formal condemnation the Professor submitted. It was, in fact, no more than an exercise, meant to enliven the pages of one of the monthly reviews, and having served its purpose and drawn attention to the author, it was of no further use.

Some years later, however, what was mere "crochetiness," or love of disputation, had developed into stiff-necked questionings. Strange, uncatholic doubts, based on scientific objection, were made against the Scriptural narrative, and he even re-introduced the stale, oft-refuted objection as to "Jonah in the whale's belly," etc. He declared that the enforced credulity in such things had become so burdensome that there were priests, whom he knew well—and could name but would not for fear of damaging them—who, while accepting the Church's teaching, did so with a difference, rejecting several doctrines that they could not accept. This caused forebodings. There was also an offensive reference to St. Joseph and his relation to the B.V. Mary. All which was put

forward in a rather hostile fashion, as though the metaphysician could not well conceal his scorn as well as his disbelief.

Then followed a sort of *coup de théâtre*, which was new in these modern days. He was "delated" to the Cardinal; his declarations, writings, etc., were examined by a company of theologians *ad hoc*, and a list of dogmas and affirmations, drawn up, I believe, by Dom Gasquet, were presented to him for signature, excommunication to follow refusal. The pride of the haughty philosopher was roused; he disdained submission, and sentence followed. It was unfortunate that at the time he was in failing health, and in a most critical way. His heart was seriously affected, and he died within a very short time. It is clear that this was in part accountable for his resistance. He had many friends, even among the orthodox, some of whom sided with him, and thought he had been treated with too much severity. This was the first case in England, I think, within memory, of a son of the Church being summoned to its Bar to answer for his opinions. This process adds a further danger to the position of the "Liberal Catholic," who, instead of—as of old—going on his way, aiming his shafts at his Church, which received them in silence, leaving him to conscience, may now be put to his election of withdrawal or submission.

We may fairly plume ourselves on the very marked progress made by the Catholic in the fair walks of literature and art. He really has a very creditable share in the general production, though it cannot be said that in the solidity of his work he may be put beside the Lingards and Kenelm Digbys of the old days. Journalism, history, philosophy, poetry, biography, painting, humour, caricature, music, are all well represented in the Religion. Some of these have an individuality which gives them a distinct place, such as the late Coventry Patmore, Alice Meynell, and that perfervid poet, her brother, with his Keats-like command of glowing words and images. Mr. W. Lilly is a recognised authority on modern speculation and the German philosophy. Mr. Wilfrid Ward has been distinguished for similar investigations, venturing even to "tackle" the great "master," Herbert Spencer.* Mr. Ward's account of his famous father has been recognised as one of the liveliest and most agreeable "lives" of modern days. The buoyant spirit of the subject has been reflected admirably in the narrative. The investigation of that learned Benedictine, Dom Gasquet,

* One of the most piquant incidents in controversy that I know of is that of the veteran philosopher, when pressed closely by Mr. Ward in an argument, deputing a disciple to reply for him in one of his monthly reviews. This is the grand style.

on the proceedings of the Reformers in reference to Monasteries, have been received almost without question, and are held to have furnished the true history of the matter.

Lately there was a publisher's proposal to issue a sort of Dictionary of Catholic writers. Some of their works reach a very high standard and have been adopted into the regular literature of the country. The very fact of the writers being Catholic, instead of being a disability to struggle against and almost impossible to overcome, seems to add an interest and piquancy, and it is almost accounted a natural thing that the authors should write with Catholic sympathies. It is curious that the English Catholic has never been much distinguished in fiction, and has had little success in that department. Lady Georgiana Fullerton and Mrs. Craigie studied their craft as Protestants. Justin McCarthy, in his day, was much read, but he was an Irishman. Dramatists, too, are rather lacking, though the late Frank Marshall wrote some successful pieces; and my old friend Palgrave Simpson was a most prolific, not writer, but adapter, also author of many an original and successful piece.

In thus "taking of stock," I may be allowed to record my own humble contribution to the general fund. I do not do more than claim for a general unpretending industry which has placed my "out-

put," I think, at the head of all the rest. It amounts to nearly 200 volumes, in all the departments—history, biography, travels, essays, fiction. I may say that "Boz" was my master, particularly in fiction. The stories which I wrote for his journal he regularly controlled, and we often held a regular council for the construction of the plot. I suppose I have written a score of novels in my time. I must be pardoned for this piece of egotism.

A very diverting writer, with a quaint wit of his own, cordially relished by critics who can recognise this "quince-like" flavour, was the author of "Memoirs of a Prig," which was succeeded by other humorous things dealing sarcastically with the Bishops and other dignitaries of the Church of England.

In the good old prehierarchical days there was a style of fiction in vogue which was "characteristical" enough. The fashionable novel was not to be read indiscriminately by Catholics. What was wanted were good wholesome "stories" of strong religious flavour. History, the persecutions, the hunting of priests by wicked and cruel pursuivants, and their concealment by "noble ladies" in castles—these elements were blended together, as Mr. Stiggins blended amusement and wood-cuts on the "moral pocket handkerchiefs." These works required a certain talent to construct, for all excitement was

avoided. There was a gentle strain of Catholic teaching, commentary had to be introduced, and some writers attained a success in providing this fare. Such were Miss Cadell, Agnes Stewart, and some others. One work, however, "Geraldine: A Tale of Conscience," had the great merit of being a pleasing, interesting story, and also a singularly persuasive controversial work—two elements most difficult to combine. The controversy portion is, indeed, very entertaining reading. It was written by Miss Agnew, who was induced to add a sequel, which ruined it.

Perhaps the most brilliant of our Catholic writers, the one who enjoys most favour with the general public, is a priest, the Rev. Dr. Barry. This versatile man has a cultured, individual style. His writings are found in the *Quarterly* and other reviews; and he seems to float along the general current of literature. He has added to these functions the writing of novels, which have been received with much favour. It may be doubted, however, whether this is exactly desirable. A novel to be popular must deal with the tides and currents of ill-regulated love, and, indeed, of other passions, and to produce an effect these must be treated with sympathy. But in the religious life passions are really diseases of the soul, and are, therefore, not to be dwelt upon or set off by literary arts.

The excitement will be remembered when at an Academy dinner the Prince of Wales singled out "The Roll Call" for praise and admiration—the work of a young artist, Miss Elizabeth Thompson.* After painting a series of popular pictures, chiefly of military subjects, it was mooted that she should be elected of the Academy—at least, it was so settled by the journalists—but the matter was not formally brought forward. She became the wife of a distinguished soldier, also a Catholic, Sir William Butler.

Abundant as have been the composers that have come forward in these late years, mostly workers of distinction, it may be doubted if any have so suddenly captured public favour as Mr. Elgar. There would appear to be no dispute that his style is of a more grandiose cast than that of any of his fellows. Nor is it surprising. To hear one of his greater works is to recognise the presence of a solemn weight of tragic feeling and expression. We have now Coleridge Taylor from the Antipodes, Professor Parker from the States, with Sullivans, Parrys, Stanfords at home, but it is not unlikely that by and by Elgar will be beyond them all.

* Her mother was the beautiful Miss Weller, associated in the oddest way with "Boz," as one of his early loves. It was a strange thing, certainly, that, after writing his famous "Sam," he should have been captured by a lady of the name.

The relation of Catholics to the theatre, whether they may appear on it and make it their profession, or even attend the theatres as an amusement, has ever been a much debated question. Many devoted Catholics have been unable to resist the fascinations of the stage. That passionate, combative Catholic, Dr. Ward, bought and read every French play that was published, and rarely missed seeing an important piece. I would not like to part with the stage and its multiple associations. I possess a wonderful collection of the old French drama—hundreds, nay, thousands, of pieces—which all seem to me to be bits of real life—of Marivaux, Destouches, and others. What delightful entertainment have they furnished! We seem to have passed the evening with some extraordinary folk, whose ways and humours are quite new, and which we cannot or will not forget. In my own case I have again and again, though years have elapsed, found my memory travelling back to old comedies. As one walks the street we still find amusement in thinking how they had amused us. We feel a pleasant smile upon our lips as we think of them. How often does the mere thought of Scott's novels produce the same smile of agreeable satisfaction, for all his stories contain true comedy. Nowadays one may despair of seeing the drama set forth in an honest, legitimate spirit. My contention, therefore, is that the disapproval of the

Church is founded on the abuse—and the almost certain and necessary abuse—of the stage, but not on the true condition which it ought to hold. Real comedy is one of the most delightful intellectual entertainments that we can have, and is also the most wholesome and effective corrective of public follies that exists, the opposite of the all but destroying influence of the corrupt shape of the drama, “problem plays,” &c., nowadays in fashion. The happy satire and *reductio ad absurdum* of a folly has the most wholesome effect, causing the professors of such follies to feel shame. They know the listeners are laughing at them. There have been several artists professing the Catholic faith who have given distinguished service to the stage, and whose irreproachable lives have cast a lustre on it. Among these may be counted Mary Anderson, the American actress, Vandenhoff, Mr. William Farren, and a manager, the late Mr. Augustin Daly. These have all passed through the fire successfully by following the profession in only its strictest sense, by using their talent in holding, “as ’twere, the mirror up to nature,” offering studies of character. William Farren is the son of the well-known and oft-quoted “Old Farren,” whom some of us may have seen in his decrepitude playing “grandfather Whitehead” and such senile characters which his own state of decay enabled him

only too faithfully to pourtray. The son inherits much of the paternal tradition and fashions, "Old Farren" himself inheriting them from Kemble and even Garrick himself, all which are reflected in his best character, Sir Peter Teazle, which in the closing years of the century he was almost invariably called on to play, as being "the only Sir Peter" of the time. His style is clear, unaffected, and natural, full of a subdued and unconscious humour. One of my own early school recollections, at Stonyhurst, was the visit of Vandenhoff, to give Shakespearian readings, which was followed with much devotion by the whole House. He was quite of the Kemble School, a tall, stately man, with a husky but sonorous voice. This suggests a thought associated with the old Stonyhurst days, when at Christmas-tide a play of Shakespeare's or some fine poetical tragedy was the almost invariable entertainment. There was a capital, well-equipped theatre, and about three weeks were devoted to good hard work in the way of rehearsal and drilling. I believe this was really a most important part of education. On myself it had a strong effect, it infused *taste*, a thing hard to teach, a love of grace, refinement, and poetry, to say nothing of the valuable elocutionary lesson. The changes in social life, the insistence of parents on having their children with them at Christmas, gradually broke up this whole-

some system. The old theatre was consigned to the lumber room, the notion of a regular Christmas season was given up, though some "scratch" performances of farces and the like are "got up" at Shrovetide.

One may admire the admirable course of the late Mr. Augustin Daly, whose company, which he brought with him from America, gave such genuine entertainment to London audiences. Who will forget the delightful "Taming of the Shrew" and Miss Ada Rehan, a Catholic also, as "Beatrice"? The manager was almost patriarchal in his administration. He was the very father of his company, he had them with him under the same roof, and maintained a wholesome discipline and very strict control. He began the day by hearing Mass, and it was an odd coincidence that made him build his theatre next door to the French chapel in Leicester Square. This rotunda-like edifice was itself, in former days, the "Panopticon"—the home of an odd scientific show.

In the present condition of the stage—in the majority of cases nowadays a mere vantage-ground for exhibition—those who respect themselves as regards their characters can hardly trust themselves in such an atmosphere. Its sort of mud, or puddle, cannot but contaminate. It would be impossible for the scrupulous Catholic to touch it. The light, if

not gross talk of many performers, the pieces they perform, the words they say, the absence of moral character—here are dangers to which one would not expose wife or daughter.* We may contrast with this sad state of things the career of one actress, Mary Anderson, who brought with her to the profession the most brilliant talent and capacity, and a very high and ennobling ideal. A devout Catholic, she held to the firm purpose that her work, both on the stage and behind its scenes, should reach the highest standard of refinement and moral teaching. Her air and bearing, her tones and gestures, were all to this end, and her pieces, if often of the common type, became elevated by her treatment. To see her in Shakesperian drama—"Romeo and Juliet" or "The Winter's Tale"—was an education. Such a precedent drew the general sympathy and admira-

* It is hardly possible to give an idea of the disaster and wreck of life that has almost invariably attended this craze for going on the stage. I have known youths so infatuated as to be actually proud of having secured an engagement as a silent "super"—say as one of the "lords" in "As You Like It"—night after night lying on the dusty boards, in the greenwood; and these gentlemen's sons! Even had they talent, which few have shown, there is no opening for them, for the stage is to-day the most crowded of the overcrowded professions. Others have "taken a company round," or hired a theatre, and in a few weeks have spent their whole fortune. We hear, too, of daughters and wives belonging to Catholic families going on the stage—a step certain to end in disaster.

tion. When she took the direction of that great theatre, the Lyceum, it became known and felt that this ideal was to be enforced, both before and behind the curtain, and it was curious to see with what satisfaction her strict discipline was accepted. Her piety was well known, and the actors would mention this with a deep respect, as though it were the proper note of a manageress. Decorum and correctness can thus be "brought into fashion" just as readily as the opposite vices. There can be no doubt that during her career she supplied a very engaging tone to the stage and many evenings of unalloyed satisfaction. The very mention of her name and the recollection of her impersonations call up very pleasing memories.

With the topic is associated an unusual incident—the visit of the eminent actor, Sir Henry Irving, to Archbishop's House, when, in presence of a crowded audience, he read "Macbeth" with his usual power and also recited "Eugene Aram." This was a graceful and kindly act of charity, done to please the Cardinal, to whose heart he knew the "social movement" was very dear. The performance was unprecedented in the modest annals of Archbishop's House, and there was beside the piquant thought that the late Cardinal might be troubled in spirit by the thought that one of the profession which he so abhorred should have brought his art

within the precincts of the old presbytery. Nor could one help recalling that this amiable and brilliant man has always shown a strong *penchant* for playing Catholic dignitaries whose tone and methods he has caught with wonderful success. Wolsey and St. Thomas à Becket were subtle and well-wrought performances, and their perfect elaboration might well seem to him to furnish a claim on his good offices and consideration.

It may strike many that the note of this review of men and events during fifty years or so is a general assertion of principle. All the struggles, great and small, with the contentions of parties, seem to turn on this. There was no thought of compromise, or "whittling down" for peace or profit's sake. Each seemed to be trustee for his share of truth and to feel that he would have to account at the end. Without any sectarian partiality, I may say here that such a spectacle is always improving and wholesome, and a contribution to public morality, just "as transactions" and accommodations have an opposite effect.

CHAPTER VII

PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES

As we look round on this great Protestant land, and note how it is "dotted," as it were, with convents, convent-schools, and charitable institutions of all kinds, we must be struck by the wonderful vitality and productive power of the Catholic faith. But it is not really, popularly known what evidence they present of the cosmopolitan character of those institutions. This too, is shown, by the pedigree, as it were, of each, which proves that they are practically indestructible. Communities founded abroad for English nuns, thence driven home by revolutionary violence, have returned again to England to flourish anew, and repay the debt they had incurred : while French and Belgian orders have come to establish themselves under English conditions. Extraordinary are the tales that might be told of this amazing development from small beginnings. It is a common thing to read of some two

or three sisters being set down in a small cottage in some obscure village or town, where they regularly begin to grow and increase, until in due time we find the spacious full-blown convent-building, with its stately church and gardens.

It is a pleasant thing to follow the gradual revival of old Catholic institutions and customs thus being yearly brought back, and which have their part in the regular Catholicising of the land. Witness the various abbeys, Cistercian and others, reconstructed, some on a vast scale. Here again, by an odd concatenation, we find communities that are menaced and harried in their native Catholic countries actually flying to this Protestant land as a safe retreat, and transferring their members to new abbeys—built on a vast and costly scale so as to be prepared for the evil day.

A special and interesting instance is that of Buckfast. Here were the remains of an old abbey, the foundations just distinguishable, and a ruined tower. It dated from the days of King Edward the Confessor, and at the suppression of the monasteries had been abandoned. In 1806 the owner had built a dwelling-house with the stones and settled down there. Later owners, curious to say, revived various rights and privileges of the abbots, now long dormant. In this condition some monks of St. Benedict, expelled from France, purchased it, with

some eighteen acres or so of ground, and proceeded to restore the abbey. They built on the old foundations and repaired the old tower. The monks were about forty in number. They were received with much good-will by the people of the district, and indeed in nearly all instances such institutions will be found enjoying the good-will of their neighbours. No doubt they bring business and prosperity by their dealings. Their schools, which they had soon at work, were of an excellent description, which is shown by a curious and unusual state of things which came about a few years ago, when the parish resisted having the erection of a Board School forced upon them and charged upon the rates, urging that the capital school kept by the monks—and where there was a conscience clause—was sufficient for their needs. Well might the sturdy Protestant rub his eyes. But the position was logical as well as legal.*

The one important English abbey on the old abbey system, with a mitred abbot, is at St. Bernard's Abbey, in Leicestershire. This vast place was planned by the monks of the Chartreuse, in anticipation, I believe, of their expulsion from France. It is an enormous enclosure, surrounded by an immense and solid wall, and large sums of

* There have been recent instances of the authorities refusing to furnish school accommodation, on the ground that the district was sufficiently supplied by the Catholic school!

money were spent in erecting the numerous detached dwellings. As the guiding principle is seclusion, it matters little whether the monastery be in England or France—to the inmates it is all one. The invariably popular, if costly, Liqueur has provided the £100,000 or so requisite for the settlement. Father Morris has said that other ancient Orders are also reappearing amongst us, such as the “Premonstratenses” found at Farnborough Priory, erected by the Empress Eugenie as a resting-place for her husband and her son. We have also some canons regular of other congregations, but as yet few in numbers.

Not less curious is the growth of the “imitation” sisterhoods in the Established Church, which are found everywhere and serve as a useful support for the Catholic convents. For the public have grown so accustomed to these worthy women, and find the “sisterhood” principle so useful in hospitals and all institutions, wherever order and devotion and piety are needed, that it would be impossible now to uproot it. The nun and the sister are known and highly popular in the slums and alleys.

Canon Morris has supplied some interesting details as to the origin of the various conventual institutions in England,* and which exhibit their curious shiftings and permutations. “There is,” he

* In his work, “Catholic England.”

says, "but one community now existing that can be traced back to pre-Reformation times—the Briggettine-nuns, once at Isleworth, who were driven out and settled at Lisbon, whence they have lately returned to Chudleigh." Some English Benedictine nuns were established at Brussels in 1598, whence they were driven by the Revolution to settle once more in England, at Winchester, and later at Colchester. Another branch of this Brussels community went to Cambray, and thence to Stanbrock. A third branch was at Ghent, and in due course also came to England. From Cambray a detachment went to Paris, and thence to Colwich in England. From the Ghent community came a colony to Dunkirk, which the Revolution drove over to England to the old, well-known convent at Hammersmith.*

When Canon Morris wrote, in 1892, which is near enough to our time for practical purposes of comparison, there were nearly four hundred and twenty

* This unpretending, old-fashioned building, I believe, gave place to the great pile of brick which was erected by Cardinal Manning as a Diocesan Seminary, and which is now in the possession of a community of nuns. Another Benedictine house moved to Primthorpe, a purely French community from Montargis—a place familiar in melodrama—and has since become altogether English. These important institutions, it will be noted, belong to the Benedictine Order.

religious houses for women in England. Turning back to 1837 we find traces of about only four, at the most, religious houses in the country. The oldest convent that has remained in its original primeval seat is that at Micklegate Bar, York. It was founded in 1686, so it has been two hundred and fifteen years in the one abode.* An English Dominican House was established by Cardinal Howard at Vilvorde in 1661, and is now found at Carisbrooke. The "third order" was introduced by Archbishop Ullathorne, of which there are communities at Stone and Stoke-on-Trent. Stone will be for ever associated with the wonderful and energetic Mother Margaret Halahan. The Poor Clares, now at Darlington, came from old settlements in France. The Teresian Carmelites, who have a community at Lanherne and another at Darlington, were originally at Antwerp. How many a Catholic family has had its wives or mothers brought up at New Hall, once the favourite and almost fashionable place of education! It again

* I recall visiting the place when a boy, having an aunt in the convent. It was then a modest but substantial dwelling-house of old pattern, with about a dozen windows in the front and a heavy porch over the door. Passing by many years later, I was astonished to see the change. Great buildings had grown up, stretching down the side, with a church, spacious gardens and grounds all overpowering the original "*Maison Mère*," which still seemed hardy and full of vigour.

was a colony of religious at Liège, founded there in 1616, under the somewhat quaint title of the "English Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre." There are ~~Augustan~~ nuns at Abbotsleigh, also of English origin, who were settled at Louvain in 1609. This Louvain colony sent out an offshoot to Bruges in 1629, and it is still found there, being the only one that returned to France after the Revolution. It has now a branch at Hayward's Heath. There was also another house at Neuilly, near Paris, and this is remarkable as being the only English community that held its ground and was not driven back to England by the Revolution. The well-known Loretto nuns are a favourite educating Order in Ireland, where they have many flourishing houses. Their more correct name is the Institute of Mary: they were originally established in Germany as the "Englischen Fraülein" or "Dames Anglaises," having been founded in Bavaria by Mother Mary Ward and her companions.* The most interesting of their houses is assuredly the old convent at Micklegate Bar, York, before described.

* At Boulogne, in the old high town, we have the convent known as "*Les Dames Anglaises*," a society found also, I believe, at other towns on the coast. This picturesque old enclosure abounds in convents, many with fair, tranquil, old-world gardens.

The nuns of the Sacred Heart are well known for their famous establishment in Paris, where so many of the daughters of the nobility and the higher classes have been educated. In the "'fifties" they had a flourishing house at Acton, directed by French Superiors, and, at the time, by Madame de Wall, who belonged to one of the old legitimist families. Like so many religious houses, it had been a gentleman's country house with gardens round it. Nothing can be more suitable for conventual purposes than a nobleman's house, as there is always plenty of garden and demesne, offering room for expansion and for building which is later required. The old Acton convent remained for some years in a ruined state, after its abandonment by the community, until the omnivorous "jerry builder" came that way and began to cover this inviting suburb with his rows of tenements. There is now not a vestige of the old place. The nuns moved to Roehampton, and established themselves on a fair and sylvan road, close by the Jesuit settlement of Manresa. Nearly facing their new buildings is the old Queen Anne Mansion of Lord Leven, a fine piece of rubicund brick in good preservation. They have their grounds and gardens and spacious buildings, and seem to flourish exceedingly.

The nuns of the Holy Child, by which name they

are not so very generally known, have some of the most prosperous and perhaps popular houses of education in the kingdom. This order was founded by Mrs. Connolly, the wife of a convert clergyman, who later repented his change of creed, and whose legal proceedings led to some distressing scandals, now forgotten. They have a fine and imposing establishment at St. Leonards, where innumerable young ladies of the Three Kingdoms have been brought up; also one at Mark Cross; yet another and most interesting house at Mayfield, in Kent, where an old hall of exquisite architectural charm has been restored with much grace and blended with modern structures. Adjoining it is the fine old parish church, an imposing piece of work of the abbey sort, and the pretty village, whilst around spreads out the fair Kent country, celebrated, as one of the heroes of "Pickwick" said, for its "apples, hops, cherries, and women."* This

* It is a quaint thing to note the almost patriarchal influence of this religious settlement, all the neighbours looking up to the convent and its denizens as their adopted ladies of the manor, the custom and patronage of such an establishment being of considerable value to the "natives." These have little scruple in sending their girls to the excellent schools of the house. The Vicar of the great parish church must feel not unnaturally that his position is somewhat awkward. In many convents, by the way, there are often found Protestants sent from home or from abroad, but who are not compelled to attend the religious offices; but, as may be

Order has another large house in Cavendish Square, one of the two conspicuous architectural mansions that look towards Oxford Street, and which is now taking a great share in the new Oxford movement. There they have a house where their teachers are trained, and it is as quaint as it is unusual to see the nuns in their dress frequenting the classes. This group of institutions forms, therefore, a very important force for good.

But when we come to take stock of what the admirable religious have done and are doing for the poor, the "record" becomes a more astonishing one. The most narrow-minded "guardian" must here own that these devoted persons seriously "lighten the rates" by their exertions. As the world knows, there are various communities devoted to the attendance on the poor, to the lodging and nursing of them, to the collecting of food wherewith to nourish them, and all done by these frail but intrepid women. It seems a miracle, which indeed it may be.

On entering the Hammersmith suburb, we pass a long dead wall and gate, behind which rises a cluster of great buildings. This is the well-known

imagined, the influence of their surroundings must be powerful and work insensibly on such pupils. The natural affection for the "Mothers" and "Sisters" which is found among girls in these places is very strong.

“Nazareth House,” a unique institution, illustrating the working out of true charity as taught in the Catholic Church, a form of charity which seems to work in the most successful and inexpensive way. At the beginning long years ago a few of these ladies took a small house, where they gathered some of the most aged and infirm of the poor to tend and wait on, going out and going round to beg for scraps of food with which to support them. This system prospered, the sisterhood increased; large asylums were built, and now there are many of these large palatial convents and shelters spread over the land. It is astonishing the quantity of old and decrepit persons who would otherwise end their days in the degradation of the workhouse, but are here tended and nursed, to find a happy repose.

Another amazing institution is the one known as “The Little Sisters of the Poor.” Never was the Divine character of human charity more wonderfully illustrated, the principle of which was indirectly pointed at by Shakespeare in his description of mercy, which, he said, blesses him who gives as much as him who takes. When an ordinary hospital or refuge needs support, persons go round diligently, the cheque-book is taken out; or there is the annual “donation,” the banker being instructed to pay over a certain amount, with which the donor has henceforth no connection. But the

“Little Sisters” work on literally nothing, begging for scraps, depending on out-door charity, with results that are literally gigantic. It would seem almost that the Almighty wished to give an object-lesson as to what was the true type of charity, as distinguished from the world’s charity. The thing was begun in 1840, by two or three very poor laundresses in the town of St. Servan, France. They began by taking a destitute old woman into their lodgings and begging for her support. Now they have nigh three hundred houses, all over the world, of which over thirty are in the United Kingdom, who take care of some thirty thousand old people, all supported on the original principle of begging from door to door. Everything within is still on the hand to mouth principle, with a firm reliance on the aid of God. The Sisters, it is even said, will give their own chairs to those they keep, finding they have barely sufficient, and are often found seated on the ground. Even the Catholic, who is familiar with the miracles of Catholic devotion and self-sacrifice, must look on with astonishment at these prodigies, and marvel “how it is done.” It is by faith, self-sacrifice in acting as God’s agents, the unheeding rebuffs, mortifications, repulses, obstacles of all kinds.*

* A rather touching indication of their work and methods is seen in the daily reminder of the cart or van that travels round

Lazarist communities are now found in Dublin, Cork, and Armagh; in Westminster, Leeds, and Glasgow; and in the Colonies. The Sisters, however, have flourished to a greater extent. They began at Drogheda in 1855, and two years later were at Sheffield. Last year there were eight houses in Ireland, six in Scotland—while at this time in England there are no less than thirty-seven houses, with headquarters at Mill Hill.

The Sisters of Charity, or of St. Vincent de Paul, also specially devoted to the service of the poor, belong to a French order, which does a vast deal of good work in London and elsewhere. Quite familiar in the streets are their “fly-away” white caps, always so marvellously neat and starched, with the simple white collars and rough blue gowns. It is common to see the long train of girls in a uniform dress, passing through the street under the charge

London, in charge of a couple of Sisters, who halt at certain restaurants, hotels, and eating houses, intrepidly enter and come forth laden with huge vessels of scraps and remnants, kindly set aside for them by the proprietors. Large householders will know the difficulties attendant on this act of charity, owing to the fact that such are the regular “perquisites” of those in the kitchens and for which there is a purchasing class of caterers. Even allowing that these fragments are merely such as remain after these transactions, there must be some sacrifice and loss, for every relic of food can be turned to some profit. Messrs. Spiers and Pond are forward in this good work.

of a couple of Sisters. More commonly still, when one is threading some back "slum" in Westminster, we shall see the door of a squalid tenement open, and the Sister, basket on arm, glide forth; she has been bringing consolation and hope, and some little "comforts" besides, to the wretched family. In these haunts of misery they are well known, well known also what their errand is, and they are received with respect and sympathy. Their unobtrusive, gentle ways disarm all hostility, if such there be.

There are three zealous and interesting orders of a rather Italian cast, to whom, as the late Father Morris said, England is greatly indebted. These are the Fathers of Charity, the Passionists, and the Redemptorists. Father Gentili, a saintly man, of the first named, was notable as being the first to preach public missions in England. The missionary, arrayed in his black, flowing cloak, his crucifix in his belt, a larger one near beside him, would address enormous emotional crowds, presumed to be long sunk in sin or indifference, who were roused from this state by impassioned appeals, vivid pictures of the terrors of the Judgment, and calls to repentance and amendment. Such was the fashion of the friars in Italy, which often had the happiest, though perhaps not the most lasting effects. These Fathers are strong in England. They have a

flourishing college at Ratcliffe, close by Leicester, and other houses and missions, with a reformatory at Market Weighton. London is under a heavy debt to them for rescuing from destruction St. Ethelrede's Chapel.

The Redemptorists give missions and retreats, and are about fifty in number. At the primitive suburb of Clapham their pleasant church and monastery is an important institution. They have another house at Teignmouth. There died only recently a learned member of his order, Father Bridgett, well known for his enthusiastic studies in the life and works of that beautiful and beatified character Sir Thomas More, and for a profound treatise on the Holy Eucharist. He was a pious and agreeable man of kind and friendly disposition. Besides these there are some less known bodies. The Marists have the circular French church in Leicester Square, which finds itself in odd company. There often of a night the devout have to pass through the serried queues covering the pavements, who are eager to get entrance to the Alhambra, the Empire, or to its next-door neighbour, Daly's Theatre.

The Oratorians of S. Philip Neri are a very prominent body, and their fine church, the Oratory, has had an enormous influence in familiarising the public with the Catholic doings and fashions. It is

a popular error that this is a religious Order ; it is merely a congregation of secular priests, living together and who can depart when it suits them. For all practical purposes, however, it is an Order. It at least has the air of one, even to the dress and demeanour. Its history in England, though a short one, is full of interest, mainly owing to its connection with the striking personality of Cardinal Newman, its founder at Birmingham, and director till his death. He made the name of Edgbaston famous, and a place of pilgrimage ; and at his school were to be found the children of many of the leading Catholic families, who were eager for the benefit of his supervision—though this, of course, could only have been of a nominal kind.

The London Oratory is an altogether imposing group of buildings, comprising a spacious residence, the “ Little Oratory ”—a handsome house of meeting—schools, sodalities, and other institutions. It is extraordinary what vitality and development the body has shown from its very beginning, which was modest enough. Some will recall the first Oratory in King William Street, Strand, Nos. 24 and 25, two small houses behind which were large exhibition rooms, later a warehouse, sixty feet by thirty. Fathers Faber, Dalgairns, Stanton, Hutchinson, Knox, and Wells, and two novices, Father Gordon and Father John Bowden, brother

of Father Sebastian, were the earliest members. It was opened on May 31, 1849, and it is worthy of note that this was the first church in London that was served by a religious community. It is said their "intrusion" was not quite acceptable to the secular clergy. In which connection, by the way, it may be noted how often the currents of opinion have shifted. Cardinal Wiseman was eager to secure their assistance, owing to the destitution in the matter of priests; while Cardinal Manning had strong views in the other direction. He even seemed to regard the Orders with disfavour, as unduly exalted to the prejudice of the priests, whose state he considered just as high, and even higher. But if we look round us at the present moment, we shall see that they are all but indispensable and supplying a want. For nearly all the more important and flourishing churches, and the most crowded, are in the hands of Orders; nor can we fancy what the respective districts would be without them. Such is the case of the Oratory, the Church of the Carmelites at Kensington, that of the Jesuits at Farm Street, of the Servites at Fulham, of Ely Chapel at Holborn, of the Marists at Leicester Square. The cause of this flourishing state is no doubt their activity in promoting sodalities, schools, and institutions of all kinds linked with the Church; it is also owing to the great personal influence of a

body of superior and well-trained men, working under direction, to say nothing of the partiality of the cultured classes. Such forces are irresistible.

The first Oratory was succeeded by the second, and changed to quite a new and rising quarter, chosen with great sagacity. Blemell House was purchased, and a large church and group of buildings erected. It was next door to the Kensington Museum. The third Oratory, the present spacious building, was erected in 1884. This almost-cathedral has had, as I said, extraordinary influence on the Protestant world, who really seem to form a regular portion of the congregation.* They are pleased and attracted by its stately ceremonial, fine music, and interesting services. The stray visitor tells his friends, the Ritualist or High Churchman finds himself in a congenial atmosphere, and at no period is the church without a band of sightseers.

All the Orders are now, it is believed, well represented in Great Britain. A few years ago, in 1892, when Father Morris issued his summary,† there were of the Benedictines, three houses. They are strongest in Liverpool, where they have four churches. The Bishopric of Menevia and Newport,

* Tradesmen of the district will tell you how their business has increased vastly, while the traffic along the road has become enormous.

† "Catholic England in Modern Times," p. 59 *et seq.*

on its creation, with its chaplain, was specially allotted to the Order as a memorial of the high position held by it in England before the Reformation. Bishop Ullathorne once made the boast that in his time nearly a dozen of the English Bishops had been supplied by the Benedictines.

The Franciscans number over sixty members, including Capuchins and various congregations. The Dominicans have not more than forty or fifty members, but they have important priories at Haverstock Hill, Wodderton, Newcastle, Leicester, and Hinckley, together with various missions. The Priory at Haverstock Hill is an imposing group of stately buildings, the church, a large, stately, and finely-appointed one, barring certain architectural eccentricities,* with grounds, gardens, etc. Nothing, indeed, so proves the fertility and prolific power of the Church as the scale on which these institutions develop. In a place like London, where ground is so valuable and space so restricted, this Dominican priory and its dependencies is sufficiently imposing. It is impossible to regard it without respect, and the crowd is drawn to it by interest, and even a common curiosity. Within, the friars are seen passing to

* The extraordinary height and slenderness of the columns have often suggested a dangerous frailty, and there is a singular and unsightly iron gallery running round the whole clerestory, which might be removed with good effect.

and fro in their picturesque black and white robes ; the office is recited publicly in choir. The sort of air of animation and vitality that prevails all day long is contrasted with the dullness and deadness of the other churches, mostly closed until the Sunday. It is felt that here is a living, perennial force, and that salvation is to be carried out on weekdays as well as on Sundays. If we strike across to Highgate we come to St. Joseph's Retreat, half-way up the steep hill—a settlement of the Passionists. Here, within a long wall, is a large domain, with its gardens, a large building, and a remarkable domed church—a landmark seen from afar—built, it is said, from the designs of the Fathers themselves, and under the direction of a lay brother. In spite of the absence of artistic effect, there is a rude and imposing simplicity about it. Here, again, the ambitious style of the whole establishment makes itself felt in the neighbourhood and among the population round, who, even from vulgar and worldly instinct, feel called upon to respect such evidence of prosperity.

Yet another of these imposing groups of buildings is found at Bayswater, where the Oblates of St. Charles have drawn about them quite a Catholic neighbourhood.* Here they have a large church,

* Some time ago the Vestry, in compliment to their exertions, begged of them to select a name for a street that was to pass by their buildings. They did so, and it was called after St. Charles.

presbytery and schools, a great college, and other buildings.

And now what shall be said of the flourishing Society of Jesus?—which is, perhaps, more “in touch” with the social life and progress of our time than any other Order. The Jesuit is still what he always was, the energetic “forward” at the game—spirited, brilliant often, “in the movement,” and nearly always successful. All their institutions are on a fine and liberal scale. Little need be said of the church and house or houses at Farm Street, so well known, and so important a factor in religious life. But a better instance of the activity of the Society is displayed at Liverpool, where that great commercial city seems to offer substantial material for working on. Taking our way up to the top of Salisbury Street we stand before a group of buildings, covering a large “tongue” of ground, that may well excite the astonishment of the stranger. For here is a very stately church, of cathedral proportions, and with a grand tower and spire reared to a great height. Here are presbytery and schools, and a large monumental public hall for lectures and meetings, and which is, on the whole, almost as stately as the Church House at Westminster. We hear, too, of skilled and scientific Jesuits giving public lectures in other parts of the city, which are eagerly attended by “all denomina-

tions." The astronomers of the Society often thus address mixed audiences in the very thick of the manufacturing districts. Besides these there are the colleges, noviciates, or ecclesiastical seminaries, all on a commanding scale—Stonyhurst, Beaumont, Mount St. Mary's, Wimbleton, and St. Beuno's; and last, the Campan Hall at Oxford, for Catholic students.

It has seldom been noted how stately and even magnificent in proportion to the slenderness of Catholic support are the Catholic colleges generally. In the matter of buildings, the Protestant public schools, with an exception or two, can hardly be compared with them. Prior Park and Stonyhurst (*Salve Magna Parens!*) are most striking places—Stonyhurst, perhaps, the most interesting from its antiquity and traditions. I doubt if one could give a thoughtful Protestant a greater treat, or one that would better repay any one in search of novel and piquant impressions, than to take him on a visit to the great college in Lancashire. Here is the fair estate close to the Pendle hills, the attractive Whalley with its old Abbey, the delightful Mytton Church, with its sculptured, recumbent knights, both on the way; the beautiful and original renaissance towers seen peeping high up from the trees on the hills, crested with the eagles which once Charles Waterton climbed to. The old grey and rusted

building is at last reached, with its mullioned windows, its two enormous Dutch ponds spreading away in front on each side of the avenue, with church and infirmary as wings on each side, and the inner modern structure, the real school, being built behind. There is a fine courtyard—beautiful old English gardens with yew hedges, bowling-green, circular pond and quaint summer-houses or pavilions, and leaden statues. The College, as is well-known, was the old family seat of the Sherburn family, and came with the estate from the hands of the Welds to the Society. All the tenants, labourers, etc., are of the old faith, and have pleasant relations with their landlords. Within there are noble chambers—the marble-floored banqueting hall, of beautiful design, grand picture-galleries, long corridors.* The school system at Stonyhurst is well up to the modern requirements. There are here found all the comforts, luxuries, and opportunities which “no (young) gentleman should be without.” An extraordinary success has attended their efforts, their youth has come forward and distinguished itself in all the professions—Army, Bar, Church, Literature. The old rough and rude days at the old

* One hundred thousand pounds has recently been laid out on new collegiate buildings, the scholars and teachers have increased, and I remember once being informed by the Rector that he had some five hundred persons to control and look after.

college, very trying it must be said, for probably only the very fittest survived the probation, were a wholesome training and discipline, and may be contrasted with the present rather luxurious system, perhaps not to the advantage of the latter. But is not the cry now, "We must go with the times"? and so we do go.

The growth of the Society during the past half century seems conterminous with that of the Church. Yet how meagre were the beginnings! The old-fashioned feeling that the Society was dangerous, or impolitic, and depleted the parish as it were, drawing to itself the very "pick" of the congregation, long lingered, and created a distrust and prejudice, now all but vanished. It was somewhat of a trial for the hard-worked missionary to find the choicest portion of his flock drifting off every Sunday, to the more brilliant fanes of the Order. But all are now reconciled to this, and we may now wonder as we turn from the Church of the Oratorians to that of Farm Street, to the Servites, Carmelites, Dominicans, and the rest, how these large and flourishing congregations could otherwise have been developed. This need was shown conspicuously at Liverpool, where, half a century ago, as Mr. Purcell tells us, there were but fourteen priests and four chapels to serve some 40,000 Catholics. It was said, indeed, somewhat sar-

castically, that had all these desired to hear Mass of a Sunday, it would have been impossible for them to do so: but as it was, no one was kept away for this reason.*

The same sort of opposition was encountered in the Metropolis, but the Society found in Dr. Wiseman, who was eager to secure the aid of the Order, a firm friend and patron. On the eve of the beginning of the half century and before the Hierarchy was established, it had opened its beautiful church in Farm Street,† under his encouragement.

* Almost as the half century began, the Society offered to build a church and schools. There was a stout opposition on the ground of self-preservation, for it was contended that as the chapels were all in debt, any abstraction of support would ruin them. This was no doubt the true state of the case, and the dilemma was as awkward as it was painful. Meetings to oppose and support were held, and at last an appeal was made to Rome, who gave the required permission, subject to a delay of six years (Purcell, *Life*, i. 648).

† It is always a surprise to see how a fixed purpose, kept steadily in view and energetically supported, is favoured by circumstances and opportunities, which otherwise it might be hopeless to look for. To find a piece of ground in the choice district of Berkeley and Grosvenor Squares, was like a miracle, though the disadvantage of being in a stable yard went with it. It was the stable and garden of a house in Mount Street. There were the probable difficulties of "ancient lights," interference with neighbours, etc. It was, however, so cribbed and cabined that the major portion of the aisles had to be suppressed. In course of years another happy chance brought the

Of course it would be idle to deny that the Society has always had to encounter a certain

adjoining stable into the market, which allowed of one of the aisles being completed, with additional chapels. About this time the Duke of Westminster began to rebuild Mount street, and indeed the whole district; the lease of the ground was lapsing, and it was thought that, owing to the increased rent demanded—not, however, beyond the value—they would be compelled to surrender the house. In this view a large presbytery was built on the newly bought ground in Farm Street. The landlord, however, was not behind in liberality, and the result was the present effective brick and terracotta structure in Mount Street. Even here there was some fresh difficulty, for the design submitted was of the plain character suited to a religious house, and did not harmonise with the highly ornate character of its fellows. By mutual concession, a treatment was adopted that was not too decorative, but sufficiently so. Then there was the difficulty caused by the beautiful bit of retired greenery, an enclosure with its old trees, a regular *rus in urbe*, the old converted burying-ground of the church in Audley Street, where lies “Jack” Wilkes. This interposed between the church and the street. The vestry, however, with unwonted liberality, allowed an entrance to be made here, only stipulating that the gable of the church should be “dressed up” a little and made attractive. The whole *coup d’œil* is most pleasing, and can be seen with much effect so far off as Oxford Street; were there a spire here or at the other end, it would be a picture.

It then seemed almost hopeless to look for another chance, of purchasing the stable on the other side. But after nearly fifty years of waiting it actually came. *Tout vient à qui sait attendre*. And at this moment this is now the property of the Society, and the aisles, chapels, etc., are being erected. The whole will then be a surprising gathering of buildings—a grand church; two spacious structures with halls, chapels, and a

amount of prejudice, or perhaps jealousy, from those of its own faith, and it may be that the Cardinal

fair garden; other chapels, meeting rooms, corridors and the rest.

It is no secret that the late Cardinal Manning held the old-fashioned views as to the Society's interference with the secular clergy, and he steadfastly resisted every attempt at expansion. Mr. Purcell, that *enfant terrible* who tells everything, the sapper for whom "*rien n'est sacré*," has furnished letters from the Provincials of the Society and others, begging permission to open their schools in London. The Cardinal was inflexible. With Cardinal Wiseman, however, they had met with different treatment. They were invited by him to build a large house with mission and schools in Westminster, and, according to Mr. Purcell, actually purchased a site, where now stands the Victoria station. After this step was taken the Cardinal changed his mind and refused his sanction, apparently on the ground that there was already a sufficient spiritual provision at Palace Street. Later, a convent and grounds at Chelsea being offered for sale, they purchased it for a house of residence, college, etc. Archbishop Manning, however, refused his sanction on the grounds that it was within the Oratorians' "sphere of influence." Nothing could exceed the submission with which the Fathers accepted these continued checks—Father Weld gently remonstrating—appealing to the general wish that they should contribute their aid to teaching in the Diocese—and asking that as they had incurred this heavy outlay, some £30,000 or so—they should be allowed some other district. He suggested St. Elizabeth's Hospital as a fitting place that might be allotted to them. The archbishop, however, did not see his way to this concession. In 1875, Father Clare having learned that there was a desire that grammar schools should be encouraged in the London district, suggested that the Society should be allowed to take part in the movement, but again without success.

was disinclined to encourage it. The truth is his opposition was founded on the large constitutional principle which he fely strongly, viz., that the regular Orders were not, as was commonly supposed, on a higher spiritual plane, or that their work was superior to that of the secular clergy. This claim would seem to be founded on their being bound by vows. The gospel he held to be "the law of liberty—a vow was a dead thing, but the will is ever alive." He believed that this idea was in the mind of St. Charles when he founded the Oblates. "The priesthood was the true Order, the first and chief of all religious Orders, founded by our Lord Himself. All the others are of ecclesiastical foundation, formed in *bonum particulare*—they are states of perfection, not because of vows, but because the life of our Lord is the rule of Orders. But it is erroneous at least to affirm that they are higher, better, or more perfect than the divine state of perfection instituted by our Lord Himself." Such was his view.

The well-known Society of St. Vincent de Paul flourishes exceedingly through the kingdom, and no leading city is without a branch. Not until some ten years had passed by after it was first established in Paris by Frederic Oñanam and his companions, was any attempt made to bring the Society to the notice of English Catholics. It seems to have been another

Frederic—Frederic Lucas—who in 1843-4 first brought the idea forward in some articles, "How to set our house in order." In one of January 13, 1844, he dwells on the general neglect, pointing to what the Society was doing in France, and urging that it should be established in England. On September 13, 1843, he had furnished a summary of its rules. These articles had their effect—a meeting was called, and a number of gentlemen agreed to begin the work. It was a time when the bulk of the people were steeped in luxury and famine—clad in silks or rags.

The first conference was held at Pagliano's Hotel in Leicester Square, and the proprietor was elected President. The members were Lucas, Newman Wigley, Amherst, Blount, Bosanquet, Barnewell Thompson, Wright, Carew and Herbert. George Blount, who was at the first conference, was for fifty years the President of the English Branch, and died only a year or so ago.

Canon Morris has also given an interesting review of the Houses or Seminaries which supply us with priests. He states that the old Secular College at Douay has done more in this way than all the rest put together. It was founded in 1568 by Cardinal Allen, and "it saved England from the extinction of the Catholic religion by the loss of its clergy." Another of these foreign colleges was St. Omers,

founded in 1593 by Father Parsons. These two colleges were destroyed in the Revolution. After their long and prosperous career, in 1795 the Benedictines of Douay removed to England, and finally established themselves at Downside in 1814. Some other refugees from Douay came to Old Hall Green in 1793, which shows that Douay was really the nursing mother of the English Church, and it is not surprising that to the present hour many Catholics take a deep interest in the old place and visit it with pleasure.*

Some of the Douay exiles were sent to the North of England to a place called Crook Hall, with "Mr. John Lingard," later the historian, as Vice-President. Crook Hall College was in 1808 transferred to Ushaw, where has arisen a magnificent pile of buildings.†

Oscott, founded by Bishop Milner, dates from 1808. But after enjoying much reputation as a seminary for the education of the sons of "the

* It was not long since with curious feelings that I found myself before a large cavalry barrack—trumpets sounding within, orderlies riding out under the archway—and was told that here was the old English College of Douay. It is a pleasant old-world town, with its strange, almost grotesque, church, with a bulbous, carrot-shaped steeple, its narrow High Street redeemed by the exquisite belfry.

† Dr. Lingard was at one time offered the Presidency of Maynooth College, which he declined.

nobility and gentry," it has suffered many changes, becoming a place for ecclesiastical students, and later brought back to more mixed conditions.

In 1829 the well-known Bishop Baines, who was a Benedictine, bought Prior Park, near Bath, that stately building of such interesting associations, for a school, seminary, and episcopal residence. This, too, has suffered many permutations.

It is interesting to know that at this moment there are four colleges abroad which still supply priests to the English mission—one at Rome, with which is joined the English and the ~~Pio~~ College; /70-4-20 one in Valladolid, another at Lisbon, and one at Douay.

It certainly cannot be said that England is deficient in providing means of education for the children of its upper classes. There are close upon fifty—I have counted forty-five—first-class colleges—not mere schools—that is, houses equipped with Professors of all kinds and containing some two hundred persons. At the least there must be five hundred persons "all told" connected with or dependent on the great establishment at Stonyhurst.

There are many more interesting things to be told about the religious institutions in the kingdom, but I do not attempt more here than to give a sort of general sketch. Indeed, I have some tremors lest some of the smaller details just given may not

be wholly accurate. A fair notion, however, of the whole has, I think, been presented.

And now that I am arrived at the conclusion of this retrospect, I am naturally curious as to what will be its effect on the general reader for whom it is intended. Is it not, I may ask, a chronicle of life and manners interesting and original, dominated throughout by the one high purpose, and altogether distinct from anything that is going on about us in this busy world of ours? Not undramatic, too, is it, and in parts even romantic. I have tried also to be as impartial as the subject allowed—to detach myself as a sort of onlooker; and, having had a life's practice in literary composition, in all its forms, I could bring to a somewhat "dry" subject the various arts which help in selection and in the avoidance of giving importance to what may be trivial. Albeit one of the most devoted sons the Church has, it will be seen that I have not praised everything *quand même* and indiscriminately. This account, then, of fifty years' doings will, I fancy, be acceptable to the Protestant: to the Catholic veteran striving to recall the religious events of a long life, it will be of much assistance.

I conclude, in the fervid words of Cardinal Manning, speaking of the feeling of the community towards us:—

“The Church is now seen, and heard, and known.

Englishmen have now for more than forty years been with us in our Divine worship; they have heard our preachers; they have seen our colleges, convents, and schools; they have laid aside suspicions, fears, hates; in the open light of day these old superstitions are gone to the moles and to the bats. Educated Englishmen know us better. The poor in England have no animosities against the Faith of their Fathers. Our people are mingled with them; and they labour together and live together. They are accustomed to see with no wonder our Clergy and our Sisters visiting convicts. They were then in the first beginnings of our restoration. The walls were raised; but the mortar was yet moist, and the structure had not yet hardened into its solidity. We have now a system covering the whole land. The Church in England is now so rooted and so fruitful that it needs only time to grow to its fulness."

APPENDIX A

HISTORY OF THE NEW WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

THE WESTMINSTER CAMPANILE

EACH morn I see it slowly rise—
Gently mounting to the skies.
Day by day it seems to grow :
No scaffolds, or no workers show.
Each morn we note an added height,
As though 'twere fashioned in the night.
He of the street oft stops to point,
And thinks "the times are out of joint,"
Wonders how this thing of Rome
Should dwarf the spires and Wren's great dome.

But by and by shall come the time
When from the top shall sound the chime.
Notes mingling with the Abbey bells—
Good tidings to the soul it tells.
I see the curious, surging crowd
Stand listening to the anthem loud.
All dazzled by the countless lights,
The flitting priests, the mystic rites,
And as the long processions pass
They come to know the Holy Mass.
Here many a soul will learn to pray,
Here, those who came to stare will—stay.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

The first suggestion of a cathedral was made shortly after Cardinal Wiseman's death, and it was thought that such would be the best testimonial to his memory. At the same time a

monument over his grave was planned, and subscriptions for it were invited. But thirty years were to elapse before the erection of the cathedral was begun; and to this hour only a modest monument over the grave has been raised. This neglect, however, is not so bad as it seems; for it is a failing of our human nature when some grandiose scheme is planned, and is not carried out, that the projectors become inclined to abandon it, on the ground that anything less pretentious would not suffice; better do nothing, they think, than do it in an inferior fashion.

At a large meeting, held in 1865, to promote the cathedral project and receive subscriptions, the new Archbishop presided; but in his pastoral zeal he could not help turning aside from its merits to dwell briefly on what might seem an antagonistic matter, viz., the vast amount of destitute children—some 20,000—who were roaming the streets and alleys of London, uncared for and without religious education. For these he pleaded warmly, urging that here was the first and immediate duty. Not unnaturally some of the leading spirits thought that their sole purpose there was the erection of a cathedral, and, as an earnest, proceeded to promise subscriptions to the amount of £16,000. It is clear the Archbishop did not then so favour this project as to prefer it to his own, which he felt justly that the more showy one would eclipse if not destroy. It was his way to cling tenaciously to his own matured plans; and he generally contrived to carry them out. At the close of the meeting he invited all to carry out both projects simultaneously. As he threw his energies chiefly into his own scheme and allowed the other to take its way, it was natural that the cathedral project should languish and almost drop out of notice. By and by the funds were put in charge of the Archbishop himself, the committee having resigned, perhaps from a feeling that sufficient support was not given to their efforts; but in justice to the Archbishop it must be said that when he had obtained control he at once took action and cast about for a suitable piece of ground. As he wrote ten

years later, somewhat playfully, "I bought the land which the castle-builders never thought of, and some thousands are given, and more left by will for a building." *

By November, 1865, he had actually begun negotiations for a site, having selected one at Chelsea, the old disused cemetery which was for sale, a spot of ground 300 feet by 340. It was to be obtained cheap. A similar area, it was declared, could not be procured in any desirable part of London for less than £60,000 or even £80,000. "London is travelling westward," he wrote, with much sagacious prevision. "From Belgrave Square to Kensington will be the best part of London. It is within ten minutes' walk of Eaton Square and twenty of Westminster. Upon the whole I think it is the best thing we can do." Here is rather a sanguine and not too accurate estimate of the distances. It must have occurred to him later that a cathedral at Chelsea would be too much out of the way, and practically valueless; not unnaturally the project was soon put aside.

After the announcement that the cathedral work was to give place to the school plan, or at the least proceed *pari passu*, the Archbishop, to prove his zeal in the cause, sent out certain clergy to collect funds, into Italy, Prussia, Austria, Spain and the United States. Not, however, more than about £3,637 was got in this way. Private subscriptions at home were also invited, and £15,000 or so was the result.

Again the Archbishop was looking out for a suitable plot, a perplexing matter enough; as he said, the difficulty of *finding* one was almost as great as that of finding the price, "which was so enormous as to render purchase impossible." Three sites were offered at £35,000, £40,000, and £90,000, but no arrangement was come to. Later, in 1867, a more favourable chance offered; some ground in Carlisle Place, Westminster, was offered for £16,500. The Archbishop had but £4,500 in hand, but luckily had just received a bequest of £5,000 which he could dispose of as he pleased. With great prompti-

* Purcell, ii. 355.

tude he concluded the bargain, paying £10,000, leaving the rest on mortgage. It was curious how everything seemed to combine to fix the site in this favourable quarter. The gloomy fortress-like prison was still standing, and created awkward associations certainly for a sacred edifice. Still, here was secured only the one side of a small street, 488 feet in length, and of varying width, the widest portion being but 85 feet, and therefore not suited for a cathedral building. As the Archbishop said, "A very spacious church without transepts could be built there, but nothing in the way of a cathedral." From this it might seem that he had been too hasty, and his excuse is hardly a good one. "It was purchased because it was the only one of which, after two years of inquiry, the purchase was possible." The plot bought was on the west side of Carlisle Place, between what afterwards became "Archbishop's House" and the Convent of the Sisters of Charity.

But now came a surprise. On the other side of the road, where the Carlisle Mansions are now built, spread away the plot for which £35,000 had been asked. The owners now came forward and offered it for £20,000. The Archbishop eagerly seized the opportunity for undoing his mistake, and in a sort of circular letter explained the desirability of securing it at once. The two plots together would make a space of two acres, and a portion might be sold to pay off the balance due to the first arrangement. The Vendors were willing to let a large balance stand out on mortgage if £4,000 were paid down; interest at 5 per cent to be paid on the remainder. The appeal was issued on July 16, 1868, and was so effective that within a month a sum was promised which, after seven years, would realise some £16,000 or £17,000. £8,000 would be, therefore, necessary to complete the entire purchase of the two plots; that is to say, some £25,000 in all.* So that by the end of November, 1868, a highly important step forward had been made.

* It should be noted that at this time Carlisle Place was not a thoroughfare, and it was intended to include the roadway lying between the two plots.

The Archbishop now felt that enough had been done to suffice for many years to come, during which new forces could be gathered for a further spring. Meanwhile he would not leave the flock to be "drawn off to waste, in piling stones one upon another, the resources necessary for the salvation of souls." Then, bethinking him of Pugin's old theory of the slow growth of a cathedral, he pointed to churches like Salisbury, and above all to Cologne, which was then on the eve of completion, though the foundations had been laid in the thirteenth century.

His idea, therefore, was "to complete in a permanent way so much of the future sacristies and of the connecting walls as shall enable us, with a very slight provisional adaptation, to form a temporary church capable of holding about 2,000 people. This will serve us in its poverty and rudeness from all the public acts of the diocese." Fortunately this modern plan was not carried out; for a small experience of human character would show us that had it been attempted it might have destroyed the cathedral scheme, and never have got beyond the "temporary sacristy." By such shifts great churches are *never* built. Mr. Clutton, a well-known architect, was selected to design the plans, the Archbishop rightly considering the fashion of a public competition "a precarious and difficult way. The plans would be put in hand forthwith and exhibited. If any one should ask whence such vast means may be expected to come, I have no fear in answering, 'I cannot tell.' If a year ago any one had asked whence the means should come to purchase the present site I should have answered then, 'I cannot tell'; the past is a pledge of the future." How gracefully precautionary is this! and these noble and inspiring assurances are a specimen, too, of his regular manner. At this stage no one could say that he had not done much for the cathedral scheme.

Six years passed by, and it came to June, 1873, when the prospect was not nearly so encouraging. The Archbishop admitted this, and had to explain to "some kind and zealous

friends, who were disappointed at his inaction," why nothing further had been done. There was, first, the serious claim of education, rendered the more necessary owing to Mr. Forster's Board School Act. Secondly, because justice and prudence demanded that the cost of the site should be paid off. £28,500 principal and interest had been paid; of this some £16,000 had been contributed, but the interest had been paid partly out of contributions and partly out of his own private means. Of the promises made in 1868 for the purchase, more than half had failed owing to death and other causes. The Archbishop then went on to explain that he had always intended erecting on the ground a residence for the occupant of the See. No one, he said, could conceive the inconvenience of administering a diocese from a modern hired dwelling-house in York Place, where there was no room to store the archives or to meet or to receive people. The plans were already being drawn for a new mansion on the new site, when by another of those happy chances that seem to wait on every stage of the progress of the cathedral, a sort of institute erected by the Guards' officers for their men in 1866 proved a failure, and they were anxious to dispose of it. Another reason for purchasing this building was the risk, if it fell into other hands, of claims being made against the future cathedral for obscuring light, etc.

He next proceeded to report progress as to the cathedral debt, for alas! here was that adjunct to most of the buildings that had been already developed. He had paid much of the interest from his private resources, but, as he now confessed, "I am unable any longer to bear this burden. These private means henceforth will be entirely engaged in meeting the liabilities arising from the purchase of a house." £9,000 were still due, the interest of which was £442. Then as to the designs. These had a curious history. One set was furnished for the first small plot. These were, of course, suspended when the additional land was bought, and now a new set of plans was called for. The wishes of many persons, whose

zeal in the work gave weight, as he said, to their desires,* caused progressive steps in the style of the architecture. Three or four distinct cathedrals were successively designed; and it must not, he remarked, be forgotten that the designing of a cathedral does not mean an architectural drawing which appeals to the eye, but an elaborate mental study of proportions and construction and details. All this labour and recasting of the plans was furnished gratuitously by Mr. Clutton, who made it his contribution to the expenses.

From all this it will be seen that there was nothing very encouraging before him; only a prospect of struggle, and burdening debt. He was already, as we have seen, responsible for over £9,000, so he was starting with a *minus* quantity. Both he and his predecessors had experience of beguiled hopes, and of rash embarkings in ventures of the kind—with the result of bearing about for their lives a load of debt. It was little wonder that he concluded despondingly: “Whether I shall ever have the happiness of laying the first stone of the cathedral at all, I cannot tell. After all that my flock and my friends have done, I dare not make any new appeal. The magnitude of the church is such that to build even a portion of it, as is seen in the design, would in my judgment be impossible by any general contribution. Such efforts as we have hitherto made may indeed be made again; but only as subsidiary to the larger and more pressing offerings needed. Whence they will come no one can foresee, but Divine Providence has its own ways.” Somewhat of a doubter was he, but it was the safe and prudent course.

It was not, however, until the year 1883 that this burden of debt was by a special effort cleared off and the ground was free. This effort, as Canon Johnson relates† (to whom I am

* Here again one wishes to call attention to the evident cultured style and graceful forms of utterance which always give such finished charm to his slightest narrative.

† In the Cathedral Record, p. 12.

indebted for most of these details), was prompted by a dazzling voluntary offer which some one made to him towards the end of 1882 to erect the cathedral at his own expense, on the condition of being allowed to furnish the design. As this was to be the same as that of the beautiful Votive Church at Vienna, there could be little difficulty on that score, and the proposal was accepted. The Archbishop was glad, therefore, to offer the ground free of debt. But for some reason, though not through any fault or mistake of the Archbishop, the project fell to the ground, to his and the general disappointment. He was actually looking forward to laying the first stone before the end of 1883.

Shortly afterwards, in the same year, the cathedral project took yet another startling turn. It has been noted how strangely the force of circumstances, or of Providence, seemed to direct the whole trend of the venture in the direction of the quarter close behind the top of Victoria Street.

A cathedral, as I have said, rising in competition with the grim and beetling walls and towers of a huge gaol, could only engender disagreeable and painful associations. Instead of the fair open pleasaunces around it, here was a sort of a modern Bastille. It would have made the elder Pugin uncomfortable in his grave. But now it became known that this Tothill Fields prison was to be abolished, the inmates removed, and the prison itself and its ground sold. Instantly a new project for the cathedral was suggested. For here was room and air and expanse in abundance. It had always seemed astonishing that the general speculator missed such an opportunity. So choice a spot, as it seems now after fifteen years have passed away, could not be imagined. Rarely occurs such a *tabula rasa* for building operations. There is no doubt, however, that, not only then but for long after, the site was regarded with a sort of indifference, perhaps from its prison associations. The scheme was a truly bold one, though risky enough. The Cardinal, who had always shown courage and promptitude

as soon as he heard that the prison was to be in the market which was in November, 1882, sent for the solicitor, Mr. Alfred J. Blount, and, as Canon Johnson describes it, pointed from his window to the prison (we can see the pale face and the peculiar curl of the thin finger) and said, "*I want you to purchase that property.*" No time was lost; a scheme for a limited company was drawn up; and a number of noblemen and gentlemen undertook the operation.* By August, 1883, an agreement was signed with the Clerk of the Peace for Middlesex for the purchase, the sum settled for prison and site being £115,000. The name of the purchasing association was the Westminster Land Company. The transaction was not finally concluded until February 19th, 1884. The Cardinal selected about four acres of the ground for the cathedral, purchasing it of the company at a price of £55,000. This sum was found by handing over the ground first purchased, valued at £35,000, while the balance was raised upon a mortgage of the new site. The old site and the remainder of the prison site were afterwards sold by the company, which was dissolved in 1886. Thus was the transaction carried through successfully to the end with some profit, of which £2,000 was presented to the Cardinal for the cathedral funds.†

Many will recall this old gloomy prison for female criminals, whose lofty gloomy walls filled up a large space behind the houses of Victoria Street. The priests from an unpretending chapel at Palace Street regularly attended the inmates. Few

* The shareholders of the company were the late Lords Denbigh and Beaumont, Lord Arundell of Wardour, Lord Clifford, Sir Charles Clifford, Count Torre Diaz, and eight others.

† It should be mentioned that much liberality was shown by a few persons in contributing to the purchase of the first portion of land. These were "the private friends" to whom Cardinal Manning alludes. There were some eight only—Cardinal Manning himself, the Duke of Norfolk, Baroness Weld, the late Lords Petre and Gerard, Baroness Tasker, one or two more, and an anonymous donor. On this part of the transaction there was a loss, for the total cost, including years of interest, was about £42,000; at the sale £35,000 only was received which left a deficit of £7,000.

suspected that there was such an institution thus shrouded and so close to a busy thoroughfare. Suddenly, on one day, the place was condemned and abolished, the prisoners were drafted off, and by and by, after the sale, the whole was levelled to the ground—an arduous business from the monumental solidity of the work.

The purchasing company took on themselves a serious responsibility, which, in case of failure, might have involved them in a very heavy loss. The operation was, however, very skilfully planned and was boldly carried through, and they succeeded in disposing of the surplus ground at a lucrative price. A very handsome row of flats, close to Ashley Gardens, was reared, which would form a suitable accompaniment to the cathedral that was to face them. The first stone of the cathedral was laid June 29, 1895.

Meanwhile, as I write (1901), the work has gone silently on during the five and a half years that have elapsed. I confess, so gigantic was the enterprise, and so slow are building operations, that it seemed to me a Utopian vision to look forward to the roof being placed on its walls within a generation, and yet it has all come about; the building has been covered in; once covered in, the future is secured—it is merely a matter of decoration.

It is really a marvel how the walls have risen up to their present beetling height, while below them are the vast piers, solemn, massive archings, and the vast region of solid foundations. All is surrounded within and partly without by a forest of crowded timbers and scaffolding, always a pretentious thing when of an elaborate kind. The great stairs have been fashioned, and you can ascend to the highest points. The great tower, though as yet only two-thirds of its intended height, can be seen from afar, and is already a landmark. Passing it each day on my morning walk, I often think of Heber's famous lines.

More astonishing than the progress of the work has been the financial aspect of the project. During the five years and

nine months since the laying of the foundation stones, the contributions received have been such that, without incurring any debt, about one hundred and forty thousand pounds have already (March, 1901) been spent upon the structure; and there is no doubt that means will not be wanting to complete the cathedral sufficiently for its opening. But the decoration of the interior may still be a work of many years.

As I have said, one might have had reasonable misgivings as to the prospects of such a vast scheme, and of the projects of decoration of the interior which a too sanguine forecast, as it seemed, pictured as glowing all over with rich golden and coloured mosaics, with saints, and glories, and angels repeated in every corner. Now there appears nothing very Utopian in this, for the structure is there to receive them. The grand columns of verde antico, cipollins, and other marbles, paid for by special subscriptions, are already erected; and persons are suggesting "subjects" for the mosaic decorations, of which with much pains some 200 having already been proposed.

Such is the history of the new Westminster Cathedral, which may be accepted as accurate in all particulars. Canon Johnson, of Archbishop's House, who may be considered the director of the whole enterprise from the beginning, has been good enough to revise my account. This energetic man may be said to hold the threads of all the diocesan works in his hands, and has done so for years.

APPENDIX B

RELIGIOUS HOUSES IN ENGLAND

HERE is a list of the various religious institutions, homes, societies, etc., belonging to the Church in England :—

Propagation of the Faith; Society of the Holy Childhood; St. Anselm's Society; International Scientific Congress Catholic Seamen's Home; Catholic Truth Society; Catholic Association; Catholic Governesses' Institution; Converts' Aid Society; Crusade of the Holy Child Jesus; Guild of our Lady of Ransom; Rosary Crusade for the Holy Souls.

Education of Poor Children.—Catholic School Committee; Westminster Diocesan Education Fund; Associated Catholic Charities.

Relief of the Poor, etc.—Society of St. Vincent of Paul; Aged Poor Society; Benevolent Society; Catholic Social Union, Ladies' Branch, Mile End; Catholic Social Union, St. Cecilia's House, Albert Square, E.; Franciscan Convent, Mill Hill; Good Shepherd, Ashford; Good Shepherd, Bristol; Good Shepherd, Blackley; Good Shepherd, East Finchley; Good Shepherd, Ford; Good Shepherd, Gosforth; Good Shepherd, Hammersmith; Little Sisters of the Poor; Maria Young's Spinsters' Fund; Nazareth House; Our Lady of Refuge, Bartestree; Our Lady of Refuge, Waterlooville; Poor Servants of Mother of God; Providence [Row] Night Refuge; St. Anne's Home, Portobello Road; Servants of the Sacred Heart; St. Pelagia's Homes; Sisters of Charity.

Hospitals, etc.—Alexian Brothers, Linthorpe; Alexian Brothers, Newton Heath; Brothers of Charity, Preston; Catholic Blind Asylum, Liverpool; Catholic Blind Asylum, Dublin; Catholic Deaf and Dumb Institution; Convalescent Home, Bournemouth; Convalescent Home, Dover; Convalescent

Home, Hanwell ; Convalescent Home, Margate ; Convalescent Home, Worthing ; Convalescent Home, Torquay ; Home for Aged or Infirm Priests ; Hospital of St. John of God ; Hospital, St. John and St. Elizabeth ; Lanark Hospital ; Mental Maladies, Burgess Hill ; Mental Maladies, Waterford ; Providence Hospital, St. Helens ; St. Mary's Hospital, Stone ; St. Margaret's, Stoke-on-Trent ; St. Veronica's for Inebriety ; St. Vincent's Asylum, Dublin ; Society for Visiting Hospitals.

Nursing Sisters, etc.—Bon Secours, Westbourne Grove ; Bon Secours, Haverstock-hill ; Bon Secours, Liverpool ; Bon Secours, Salford ; Clifton Wood Convent ; Holy Cross Society, Trained Nurses ; Little Company of Mary ; Little Sisters of the Assumption ; St. Elizabeth's Home, Glasgow ; Servants of the Sacred Heart ; Sisters of Hope ; Sisters of Miséricorde.

Clergy Funds.—Westminster, Southwark, and Portsmouth ; Birmingham Clergy Fund ; Hexham and Newcastle ; Lancashire Infirm Clergy Fund ; Newport Infirm Clergy Society ; Plymouth Clergy Fund ; Shrewsbury Clergy Fund ; Yorkshire Clergy Brethren Fund.

Cemeteries.—Kensal Green and Leyton.

Orphanages and Schools, Boys.—Franciscans, Aldershot ; Franciscans, Littlehampton ; Orphanage, West Grinstead ; St. Andrew's School, Barnet ; St. Catherine's Home, Watford ; St. Charles' School, Brentwood ; St. Francis' Orphanage, Shefford ; St. Joseph's, Romsey ; St. Mary's, Blackheath ; St. Mary's, North Hyde ; St. Philip's, Birmingham ; St. Vincent's Orphanage, Torquay.

Orphanages and Schools, Girls.—Convent and Orphanage, Southam ; Faithful Virgin, Norwood ; Franciscans, Woodchester ; Marist Convent, Tottenham ; Maryvale Orphanage, Perry Bar ; St. Clare's Orphanage, Pantasaph ; St. Joseph's Orphanage, Kelvedon ; St. Mary's Orphanage, Leeds ; St. Rose's Convent, Stroud ; St. Vincent's Orphanage, Hereford ; Sisters of Mercy, Brentwood ; Sisters of Charity, Monk's Kirby ; Sisters of Mercy, Liverpool ; Sisters of Mercy, Wolverhampton ; Sisters of Providence, Hampstead.

Homes, etc.—St. Joseph's Academy, Kennington Park Road (Boarders); St. Joseph's Convent, Chelsea (Boarders); St. Anthony's Home, Birmingham; Sisters of Charity, Liverpool; Sisters of Charity, Manchester; St. Catherine's Home, Watford; Marie Auxiliatrice, Bow, for Factory and Working Girls.

For Vestments, etc.—Perpetual Adoration, Balham; Work Rooms, Stone.

Protection and Rescue.—Catholic Guardians' Association; Salford Catholic Protection and Rescue Society; Shrewsbury Rescue Society.

Homes for Destitute Children.—St. Vincent's, St. Joseph's, St. Anthony's, St. Patrick's, and St. Nicholas' Homes (Rev. E. Bans).

Appeals.—Catholic Mission, Barmouth; Catholic Mission, Bedworth; Catholic, Weston Underwood; St. Patrick's Schools, Soho.

The reader may be glad to have before him in this place a full list of the occupants of Sees since the establishment of the Hierarchy and the Bishop of Plymouth's consecration.

Bishop Brown, of Liverpool, died in 1856; Bishop Briggs, of Beverley, died in 1861; Cardinal Wiseman, of Westminster died in 1865; Bishop Wareing, of Northampton, died in 1865; Bishop Hogarth, of Hexham, died in 1866; Bishop Hendren, of Nottingham, died in 1866; Bishop Grant, of Southwark, died in 1870; Bishop Turner, of Salford, died in 1872; Bishop Goss, of Liverpool, died in 1872; Bishop Brown, of Newport, died in 1880; Bishop Danell, of Southwark, died in 1881; Bishop Brown, of Shrewsbury, died in 1881; Bishop Chadwick, of Hexham, died in 1882; Bishop Roskell, of Nottingham, died in 1883; Bishop Amherst, of Northampton, died in 1883; Bishop Coffin, of Southwark, died in 1885; Archbishop Errington, of Trebizond, died in 1886; Bishop Bewick, of Hexham, died in 1886; Archbishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham, died in 1889; Bishop Cornthwaite, of Leeds, 1890; Cardinal Manning, of Westminster, died in 1892; Bishop Clifford, of Clifton, died in 1893; Bishop O'Reilly, of Liverpool, died in 1894; Bishop

Weathers, of Amycla, died in 1895 ; Bishop Carroll, of Shrewsbury, died in 1897 ; Archbishop O'Callaghan, of Hexham, resigned in 1889 ; Bishop Knight, of Shrewsbury, resigned in 1895 ; Bishop Butt, of Southwark, resigned in 1897 ; Cardinal Vaughan, of Salford, consecrated in 1872 ; Cardinal Vaughan, translated to Westminster in 1892 ; Bishop Hedley, of Newport, consecrated in 1873 ; Bishop Bagshaw, of Nottingham, consecrated in 1874 ; Bishop Lacy, of Middlesbrough, consecrated in 1879 ; Bishop Ilsley, of Birmingham, consecrated in 1879 ; Bishop Patterson, of Emmaus, consecrated in 1880 ; Bishop Riddell, of Northampton, consecrated in 1880 ; Bishop Vertue, of Portsmouth, consecrated in 1882 ; Bishop Wilkinson, of Hexham, consecrated in 1888 ; Bishop Gordon, of Leeds, consecrated in 1890 ; Bishop Graham, of Cisamus, consecrated in 1891 ; Bishop Bilborrow, of Salford, consecrated in 1892 ; Bishop Brownlow, of Clifton, consecrated in 1894 ; Bishop Whiteside, of Liverpool, consecrated in 1894 ; Bishop Mostyn, of Menevia, consecrated in 1895 ; Bishop Bourne, of Southwark, consecrated in 1896 ; Bishop Allen, of Shrewsbury, consecrated in 1897.

The Right Rev. Robert Brindle, D.S.O., was consecrated Bishop to assist the Cardinal in Westminster.

As we look abroad over the vast Empire, it is astonishing to see what a vast hierarchy of Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops reign under the rule of the monarchy. There are no less than 120 Sees in all—including Vicariates Apostolic—nearly all salaried and recognised by the Government. From these must be, of course, deducted the seven Archbishoprics and 42 Bishoprics of the United Kingdom. In Asia there are 43 Sees, in Africa 16, in America 37, in Australia 20, in New Zealand, etc., 5.

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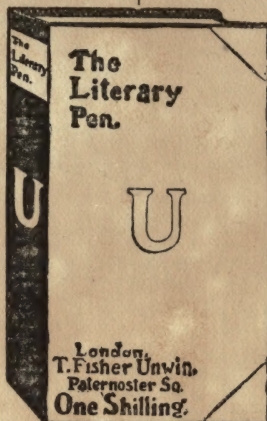
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